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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

GREECE AND CRIMEA

FRENCH journals continue to occupy themselves with the almost simultaneous defeat of Venizelos and Wrangel. Dumont-Wilden, who writes regularly for the *Revue Bleue* upon foreign affairs, and especially upon eastern European policies, says of the Greek elections:

The accident of November 20 shows that, in a country where national consciousness is still in a rudimentary stage of development, domestic questions will invariably take precedence of foreign questions; immediate local interests eclipse remoter national interests. It is always dangerous for a statesman to get too far ahead of his age and his country, and in this day of universal suffrage it is impossible for even the greatest political genius to make a small nation a great nation in spite of itself.

Wrangel's defeat is interpreted by the same writer as a still more disquieting incident, although not so great a shock to French opinion as the setback in Greece.

Even those who had faith in General Wrangel distrusted his entourage. The Russian emigrants in Paris and London were far from unanimous in supporting him. Many of those who backed his cause did so with much hesitation and reserve. Some suspected him of being a reactionary; others charged him with showing too much consideration to the Socialists and to national minorities. Military experts, while recognizing Wrangel's personal ability, were frankly dis-

trustful of an army, the strength of which fluctuated enormously from day to day with the waxing or waning prospects of success, and which was inadequately equipped. Nevertheless, public opinion, especially in France, attaches such importance to the reconstruction of Russia that the disappointment and discouragement caused by this crushing defeat have been profound.

Similar pessimism characterizes a review in *L'Opinion* of Jacques Bainville's recent book, *Les Conséquences Politiques de la Paix*, in which that brilliant writer summarizes the political condition of Europe after the treaty in the following significant sentence:

Face to face with this mélange of petty nationalities, religions, and races, stands Germany, the only solid, homogeneous, still highly organized nation, whose weight suspended over the vacuum of eastern Europe threatens to precipitate the whole swaying continental system from its base.

He concludes that 'thirty-six independent governments,' most of which have no logical frontiers, geographical unity, economic independence, political traditions, or European experience, cannot possibly compensate for the demoralization of Russia and the disappearance of Turkey. He considers the situation in Asia Minor as equally precarious and threatening. 'There is a curious resemblance (in the two situations); for Armenia occupies the same

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position as Poland, isolated between two enemies who have only to agree in order to crush it'—a prediction apparently realized since these words were written.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GREEK ELECTION

CONSTANTINOPLE, as every one knows, has a large Greek population, which evidently was not in sympathy with the voters of Greece proper in the last election. A correspondent writing from that city to *L'Indépendance Belge* says that when the returns began to come in:

After the first stunning shock the people gave way to indignation and wrath without restraint. Every Greek flag was immediately lowered. Crowds gathered in the streets discussing the news as it arrived from Athens. When Venizelos' defeat was confirmed beyond doubt, a wave of grief and mourning passed through the city. Cafés and other places where the people gathered were deserted. Theatres suspended their performances. The crowd gathered in front of newspaper offices hoping for some news and refusing to believe the unwelcome tidings. . . . The newspapers here, whether printed in Greek, French, or Armenian, discuss the results of the election with expressions of unbounded hatred and contempt for their fellow comrades of ancient Hellas, even recommending that the local Greeks support the Bulgars or the Turkish Nationalists. . . . So a gulf is opened between the Greek Iridentists and the people of ancient Greece. It will continue to widen because the former consider themselves superior to Greeks of the old kingdom, and certainly this is true. The Greeks of Macedonia, Epirus, Thrace, Asia Minor, and the islands, are industrious, educated, and immeasurably more advanced in civilization than the peasantry of Peloponnesus and Thessaly.

Berthe Georges Gaulis writing on the Greek crisis in *L'Opinion* says that too many Europeans fail to realize the extent to which Greater Greece is Asiatic. The Greek soldiers on the Anatolian front have learned a great deal during the past few months. Some have been captured, and war prisoners are treated better by the Turks than

by any other nationality. They return cherishing very friendly feelings toward their former enemies.

Most Greek soldiers returning from Asia Minor come back thoroughly sympathetic with Turkish nationalism. Their hatred for the European governments set up in Asia Minor is vigorous and outspoken. It is a common occurrence to hear the Greek residents of Asia extenuate Turkish nationalism and join the Turks in condemning 'corrupt, predatory, and selfish Europe.' The very best Turkish propagandists to-day are Greeks.

He observes further that European Greece hates France more than ever.

THE RAPALLO TREATY

COMMENTING upon the treaty of Rapallo, the Liberal Clerical *Corriere della Sera* says:

Yugoslavia has renounced its claims not only to the left bank of the Isonzo, but also to all Istria, Trieste, Pola, Goritz, and Volosca. Fiume has been made independent and Italy has obtained its natural frontiers. By, in turn, renouncing all claim to Dalmatia, Italy enables Yugoslavia to acquire likewise natural geographical frontiers threatened by none of its neighbors. Italy surrenders Italian minorities, who will be forced to dwell in peace and friendly intercourse with the Slavs. At Budapest, and in the entourage of the former Emperor Charles, the news that peace has been concluded between the Italians and the Slavs will come as a painful blow. For it signifies that all hope of a revolution is now vain.

The signing of the treaty will, it is believed, stabilize not only conditions on the Adriatic, but also farther East, where Hungary looked forward to a possible conflict between Yugoslavia and Italy as an opportunity to recover some of its lost territory.

COMMUNIST MUNICIPALITIES IN ITALY

ALTHOUGH the recent Italian elections resulted favorably for the Liberal bloc in several of the larger cities—as mentioned in one of our recent issues—some two thousand municipalities have become Communist, and the wave of Bolshevik enthusiasm is ap-

parently rising higher. Italian papers are much preoccupied with the bomb outrage at Bologna where some ten persons were killed and eighty injured during the disorders attending the raising of the Red flag over the Town Hall by the new Socialist majority. 'Dr. Filipetti, the new Socialist mayor of Milan, made an extremist speech on his election in which he proclaimed the intention of the City Council to fight the state as bourgeois on all occasions and by all means, legal or illegal, and paid special tribute to Soviet Russia.'

AN ENGLISH IMPRESSION OF PROHIBITION

HAROLD SPENDER, a correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, is the latest observer to enlighten his fellow-countrymen upon a Briton's impression of the United States. After observing that 'prohibition is the greatest fact about the United States to-day,' he thus describes his first experience in New York, where 'a whole nation of one hundred and ten million would seem, if you judged by public appearances only, to have gone teetotal in a few months.'

'Amid all those great throngs you could not perceive a single man — or woman — in any degree affected by alcohol. I do not say "drunken," for, after all, there are few drunken men or women to be seen now in the open streets of London or Paris. The new fact is the entire absence of that spirit of exhilaration, exaltation, excitement — call it what you will, think of it as you will, good or bad, I pass no judgment — which you witness among the crowds emerging from our restaurants and public houses. This new sobriety of great crowds of human beings is a strange, new social fact. We felt it not merely in the streets — those well-ordered streets of over-crowded New York — but also at that vast Capitol

Picture Theatre, where we sat afterward through a very long performance. We felt it walking home afterward, through the homing street throngs. We felt it especially when, near to midnight, we — our whole party, ladies and all — dropped in to a "bar" and partook sedately of a cooling fruit drink. It really seemed as if drinking — the satisfaction of thirst — were at last to become respectable.'

GERMANS UNDER SLAV RULE

AN anonymous but 'well-informed' writer in *Europäische Staats-und Wirtschafts-Zeitung* reports that the Germans in Poland are treated very differently in different parts of that country. In Posen and the districts detached from West Prussia traces of the former German rule and civilization seems destined speedily to disappear. In Russian Poland and some parts of Galicia, where the Germans have always been in a minority, the government is now less friendly than before, but financial ruin is felt more than political change. The Poles are said to be using every effort to induce German settlers and landowners to sell out and leave the country. German boys are called into military service in spite of the fact that under the Versailles Treaty they are given two years to decide their allegiance. The success of the policy of driving out the Germans is illustrated by this writer with the following figures: At the outbreak of the war the city of Posen had some one hundred and sixty thousand population, of whom one half were German. To-day not over fifteen thousand of the latter remain.

Relations between the Czechs and Germans in Czecho-Slovakia are steadily growing worse. Two issues, the separate school question and compulsory military service, are serving as points of controversy, although other

occasions for dispute would doubtless be found were these not available. By way of protest against the arbitrary closing of one hundred German schools, the remainder have closed voluntarily. German members in the National Assembly complain that they are practically excluded from participation in that body's labors.

SOUTH AMERICA FOR RAW MATERIALS

EUROPEAN countries — especially Great Britain — are looking to South America with increasing interest as a future source of food and raw materials. Commenting on the present world shortage the *London Statist* says:

What is really alarming, and what is only coming to be gradually known and generally appreciated, is that only a very small part of the earth is really fertile. By far the major part of the great continent of Asia, which is out of all proportion larger than any of the other continents, is infertile. Probably more than half of Africa is either infertile, or can only be made fertile by expensive methods of irrigation. It was hoped that after the South-African War there would be a large immigration of Europeans, particularly of British people, into the southern half of Africa. It has been found, however, that without great expense in the method of irrigation very little of Africa is actually suitable, as things are, for anything like extensive settlement.

Europe itself enjoys such fertility as it possesses largely because of the fact that it has been cultivated by an enormous population for a period extending over two thousand years. It has been cultivated and fertilized to a degree that has brought it up to its present capacity, or to which, at any rate, it had attained before the war, of producing more than half the total wheat produce of the world. Australasia, if we are able to retain it permanently as part of the British Empire, will require to be peopled. But it can only be peopled with the assistance of an enormous expenditure on irrigation. There remains the most fertile of all the continents in South America. Speaking generally, the two Americas are wonderfully fertile. Canada, a large part of the United States, and a considerable part of Mexico are eminently fertile. But those who are acquainted with North America and South America know, of course, that in natural fertility the southern continent far surpasses the northern.

About two generations ago it became evident

that, if we were to receive adequate supplies of food and raw materials to feed our people on a reasonable, economic basis, and likewise to feed our industries on a similar basis, we must seek fields other than those afforded by the United States of America, from which we had obtained the bulk of our supplies in the period which preceded the opening up of South America, our own colonies, and India. This country had been the pioneer of railway building in North America. We did not enter into it in a philanthropic spirit, but for the express and avowed purpose of obtaining adequate supplies of food and raw materials.

As the population of North America grew, it became evident that we could not obtain these supplies which were calculated to assist our industries. As a result, we built the most extensive railway system in Argentina which exists in any South American state. For reasons into which we do not propose to enter here, during the war we were once more thrown almost wholly upon the United States as a source of supply, and the result has been that, while we paid extravagantly high economic values, we did not obtain anything like a corresponding increase in volume of supplies received.

VERTICAL TRUSTS

ECONOMIC writers and business theorists in Germany make a distinction between 'horizontal trusts,' which are fusions limited to raw material corporations or to finishing corporations, and 'vertical trusts,' which combine 'producers in all stages,' from those producing raw materials to those performing the final processes of manufacture. There seems to be a disposition to consider vertical trusts desirable, and horizontal trusts, which aim primarily at restricting prices, undesirable. At any rate, amalgamation of primary and secondary industries into great producing units is going on apace; and the more radical Socialist press is attacking violently organs of the conservative Socialists, like *Vorwärts*, for tacitly endorsing this development.

SERBIA IN A NUTSHELL

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal de Genève*, writing from Belgrade, summarizes the conclusions, derived from

what appears to have been an extensive and thorough investigation of business conditions in Serbia. His impression is optimistic.

Three facts stand out above the others: the great fertility of the soil; the eagerness of the people to improve their opportunities to the utmost now that they are liberated; the general disposition to welcome Western improvements. A fourth conclusion also forces itself upon the visitor. Although these people have suffered by the war they will probably recover more quickly than the nations of Western Europe. They live closer to nature. They are predominately tillers of the soil. They do not need a large capital at once. They are such a prolific race that the present scarcity of labor promises to be remedied within a generation.

MINOR NOTES

THE *Frankfurter Zeitung* has recently published a pamphlet by Arthur Feiler entitled, *Die Wirtschaft des Kommunismus*, reviewing critically two pro-Bolshevist books which have recently appeared in Germany and Austria: Dr. Alfons Goldschmidt's *Die Wirtschaftspolitik Sowjetrusslands* and Dr. Eugen Barga's *Die wirtschaftlichen Probleme der proletarischen Diktatur*. Dr. Paul Rohrbach, a Russian-born German of Conservative Liberal sympathies, contributes an article entitled, 'Kritisches über Sowjetrussland,' dealing with the same general subject, to the mid-September number of *Oesterreichische Rundschau*. Both the pamphlet and the article represent attempts to appraise scientifically the practical working of Bolshevist economic theories, and are contributions of value to the growing literature upon this subject.

THE Geneva correspondent of the London *Economist* writes that, in marked contrast with conditions in Paris at the time of the Peace Conference, when 'a crowd of hunters for business opportunities, the number of which was far greater than the number of the diplomatic staff, including their

army of experts, thronged the French metropolis,' Geneva had few of these promoters and adventurers. The only doubtful elements stirring about the environs of the league assembly were 'agents of monarchic restoration in Austria, Montenegro, and other more or less interesting countries.'

'LE TEMPS' issues a note of warning regarding the possible effect of the famous Article X of the League of Nations covenant with Constantine restored as King of Greece, in case the pending treaty with Turkey is ratified. This would impose upon France the distasteful obligation to assist in defending the territories of that unpopular monarch. 'After our experiences in 1915 and 1917, could we promise Constantine to protect his kingdom from the Turks or the Bulgarians?'

WE referred a few weeks ago to Germany's protest against the destruction of Diessel motors, which was demanded by France and England in order to prevent their possible future use in submarines. These motors were said to be used now to drive machinery in shops and factories. The order referred to has since been modified by the Allies, so as not to require the destruction of motors shown to be employed for industrial or other productive uses.

ACCORDING to a study of the coal output and coal trade of upper Silesia, printed in the *Revue Bleue*, that province supplied the following proportion of Germany's total production of these important commodities: lead twenty-six per cent, benzol eighteen per cent, coal-tar distillates fifteen per cent, ammonia nine per cent, zinc six per cent, coke six per cent, iron five per cent, Thomas slag three per cent.

JAPAN is dealing with a serious municipal scandal involving alleged graft in

Tokyo city contracts. Indeed, one of the city offices is popularly known as the 'den of devils.' The people are particularly aroused because the scandal involves alleged corruption in connection with the road to the recently dedicated Meiji Shrine, erected in honor of the late Emperor. Many young men came to Tokyo from the provinces and donated their services in the construction of the shrine, as a religious and patriotic duty. The discovery of graft among the municipal officials 'who had charge of the sacred task' has been a corresponding shock to the community.

JAPAN is one of the rare countries which has a larger revenue than was officially estimated, and a surplus above its expenditures. The latter, for the fiscal year ending with last June, amounts to over \$300,000,000. More than one half of the country's revenue is now devoted to armaments; and the figures as here given are subject to some qualification on account of the nonappearance of certain ex-

traordinary expenditures in the published budget.

As a result of the acquisition and development of pulp wood supplies by Japanese in Senghalien, that country has, within the past three years, practically ceased to import pulp from Scandinavia and America, and it is now beginning to export pulp to this country. Inquiries are also beginning to reach Japanese producers from Great Britain. The best printing paper is now quoted at about twenty cents a pound.

LANCASHIRE manufacturers are greatly concerned over American cancellations of contracts with English houses, especially for textile goods. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce proposes to expose in this connection the alleged unjustifiable conduct of certain firms in the United States. The heaviest cancellations have occurred in contracts for fine yarns and cloths, where losses are likely to be very heavy, since prices have fallen over fifty per cent within six months.

[*Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic Semi-Monthly), November 10]

BUSINESS CONDITIONS IN FRANCE

BY ANTOINE DE TARLÉ

[The following account of business conditions in France, written with typical French clarity of exposition by an eminent authority, throws much light upon problems with which we are wrestling in our own country.]

For five years we have been caught in an economic maelstrom. Its most bewildering feature has been the constant ascent of prices. Even merchants who reap great profits from this

are now complaining because they can no longer find buyers. The evil is not peculiar to France. It is general. Even before the war was ended, Walther Rathenau foretold that it would

occur in Germany, and pointed out the dangers it represented.

However, the rapidity and prolongation of this upward movement had surprised many. Our prosperity for a long period before the war accustomed us to relative market stability. Price movements were so gradual that we had time to adjust ourselves to them. We had forgotten the experience of earlier days. For example, in England, during the Napoleonic wars, under conditions similar to those we witness to-day, the price level reached in 1810 the highest point during the nineteenth century, or 251. Prices did not begin to fall appreciably until after 1817, and the decline continued from that date until 1850. By the middle of the century, the general index of prices was about the same as between 1901 and 1910. After 1850 a new period of higher prices began, reaching the maximum of 150 in 1873. This was followed by an era of falling prices, which continued up to 1896, when the lowest level of the century was reached. So the general index was 251 in 1810, falling to 101 in 1849, rising to 151 in 1873, and again falling to 82 in 1896. By 1913, the level had risen again to 116.

The figures we have quoted are English; but the price curve in France was practically parallel with that of its neighbor. It, too, reached a minimum in 1896.

In the United States, prices were effected violently by the second war with England and the war of secession. In 1814, when the general index for England was 234, it was 274 in the United States. A still greater deviation occurred in 1865, at the close of the Civil War, when the general index reached 220 as compared with 137 in England and 133 in France. So we see that a protracted war always raises prices.

That truth has been deeply im-

pressed upon us during the recent conflict. However, the advance has varied in different countries. At the time of the armistice, the general index was 219 in the United States, 269 in England, 416 in France, and 529 in Italy. These differences are easily explained. The general fact of an increase was due to the same cause, but the amount of that increase was determined by local conditions. England, having vessels and coal, suffered less than France and Italy; the United States, entering the war late and possessing vast natural resources, was still less affected.

Throughout the world, the armistice was followed by a slight reaction, at least by a temporary decline in raw materials. Food consistently mounted upwards. Many people at that time hoped that prices would continue to fall. That was an illusion which a moment's examination ought to have dissipated. Prices continued to rise, as was inevitable under the conditions prevailing.

Several causes coöperated to produce this result. The experience of the past six years has taught us the lesson that prices do not depend on supply and demand alone, nor upon the rarity or abundance of a commodity, nor upon the quantity of labor it represents. Prices also depend upon ability to pay, upon the psychology of the buyer, upon the enterprise of the seller, and upon other circumstances quite foreign to the particular object which is bought and sold. Such extraneous factors are very difficult to isolate and appraise. First, let us note that prices are no longer determined by the quantity of an article at a particular point. Ease of transportation tends to establish a uniform level throughout the world. It often happens that even retail prices are no lower at the place of production than in distant markets. What eventually determines prices to-

day is not local supply but world supply.

We must also bear in mind the general decrease of production during the war. When products are abundant, consumers can refuse to buy goods which they consider exorbitantly dear. Fear of this causes manufacturers to economize costs of production as much as possible. As soon as more goods reach the market than consumers demand, competition tends to fix the price at the lowest possible point.

Production then falls below consumption, and buyers hasten to lay in stocks fearing a shortage; so prices again rise. This phenomenon is the more marked the more abundant the supply of money. When currency is over-plentiful, men will pay any price asked for goods without inquiring their real value. Merchants detecting this tendency hasten to profit by it, and raise prices beyond measure because they know that they can sell their goods. This inflation of prices compels an inflation of wages and salaries, and this in turn again increases prices. Producers being flooded with orders do not try to economize in cost of production. The whole effect is to create an abnormally high price level.

Since the outbreak of the war, production has declined in every land of Europe. Simultaneously, transportation difficulties have added their share to creating scarcity. Prices have risen constantly because we have been consuming our stocks on hand. This tendency was reinforced by a still more powerful influence: the sudden rise of wages in munitions industries. Normally, wages tend to adjust themselves to the cost of living. During the war, this was reversed. We are all familiar with the way the government interposed to compel manufacturers working on government orders to pay their employees wages entirely out of pro-

portion to the cost of living. This was a serious mistake, a most unnecessary one, in view of the fact that most of these workers were mobilized. Excluded from the perils and hardships of service at the front, they were only too happy to labor in shops and factories, even for pay no higher than that of their comrades in the trenches.

It resulted that the working people soon found themselves in possession of more money than they were used to. Their first impulse was to spend it, no matter for what. They had served no apprenticeship as consumers. When we study their conduct, it seems as though they did not want to serve such an apprenticeship. Faced with buyers of this kind, retailers quickly yielded to the temptation to place unheard of prices on their wares. They never had enough to satisfy their customers, and the latter never knew when they were charged too much.

Simultaneously, another price-raising factor appeared. Manufacturers who were not working for the government had to increase their wages. Their costs of production rose, and so they had to sell their goods for more money. In 1919, this movement was given a new impulse by the law shortening the working day. Next year we raised freight rates. Rising prices are inevitable when you reduce production and multiply costs.

Add to all this, that in France we have distributed during the past fifteen months seven billions of francs as demobilization pay, in addition to large sums for analogous purposes. The recipients almost without exception spent this money as soon as they received it — generally for useless and unproductive purposes. This is another reason why prices continued to soar.

How far is currency inflation responsible? Some think it caused all

the rise in prices. Others think it is a result of their increase. Undeniably, our redundant currency encouraged consumers to be prodigal. Since August 1, 1914, France has placed in circulation 34,000,000,000 francs in paper money. By thus multiplying our currency, we have lessened its value. We are repeating the history of the *assignats* in France during the Revolution, and of the inconvertible paper money in England early in the nineteenth century, and in the United States between 1861 and 1879. A kilogram of gold, which was worth about 3100 francs in 1914, is worth to-day about 10,000 francs. That is to say, a paper franc is worth less than a third of a franc in specie.

Under such conditions, we must pay three times as much for an equal quantity of merchandise. A daily wage paid in paper francs does not enable the receiver to purchase as much as an equal wage in gold. So we are living in an era of business make-believes. The rise of wages is merely apparent. The rise of prices counterbalances them. If we examine the situation more deeply, keeping constantly in mind that we must first subtract the influence of currency depreciation before we can estimate the real rise in prices, we will discover that since 1914 gold prices have risen only a little. The evil grows because the government continues to issue more paper money. Inflation is constantly increasing. In its balance of September 30, the bank of France showed an addition of half a billion to its note issues. Its balance of October 7 showed an additional 360,000,000 francs. Nor do we see any immediate end to this; for we passed a law last August permitting the Bank to raise its total issues from 40,000,000,000 to 43,000,000,000 francs. Notwithstanding this, we must eventually return to a gold basis, and

eventually reduce this inflation, which is one of the causes of our present business instability.

However, we can accomplish this only gradually, or else we shall cause serious disturbances in trade and credit. Inflation is, indeed, partially a result of the multiplication of transactions, and to that extent it is unavoidable. Before the war, there were in circulation in France 7,000,000,000 francs of currency of which 5,000,000,000 were in bank notes and 2,000,000,000 in specie. At that time, our government expended about 4,000,000,000 francs annually. Let us assume that this proportion of four to seven is normal. Then with our budget of 20,000,000,000 francs to-day, we ought perhaps to have 35,000,000,000 of notes in circulation; that is only five times as much as formerly. To cancel part of the notes would lead to partial insolvency, such as happened in 1796. So nothing would be more risky than to curtail abruptly and excessively our circulating medium. Faced by this economic crisis, and the growing social unrest of which it is a cause, the government has felt called upon to act. But its measures have been so ill-chosen that they have served mainly to furnish arguments to opponents of all government control.

At one of the last meetings of the Economic Society of Paris, Professor Yves Guyot read an article upon this subject which fairly bristled with facts. Governments are preaching economy and frugality; but themselves set an example of unbounded prodigality. They have committed every conceivable offence against good business management, not only during the war, when errors perhaps were excusable, but since the armistice. For instance, there is the scandal in the sale of war property. There are the blunders with regard to exports and imports. One

day a prohibition is issued. The next day it is repealed. A little later, it is again put in force. How can business go on in the midst of such official incoherence? Furthermore, trade restrictions are the most dangerous instruments of government. They are very simple in theory, but produce the most surprising and unintended results in practice. The government encouraged exports in order to improve exchange. But this resulted in raising prices at home. Then the government tried to curtail the importation of luxuries. But some of these luxuries proved to be desirable. For instance, that was true of silk. We were purchasing that article of luxury in Italy, Syria, and the Orient, and manufacturing it into finished goods, which we sold abroad at a good round profit, thus bringing prosperity to our importers, manufacturers, wage-earners, and exporters. The value of the silks we send abroad averages three times the value of the silk we buy abroad. For instance, in 1919 our foreign purchases of this article amounted to 474,000,000 francs; our sales to foreign customers amounted to 1,500,000,000 francs. This means that a billion francs remained in the country. Faced by such facts as these, the partisans of restricting exports soon drew in their horns. We had to admit foreign silk, cost what it might. However, there were busybodies who insisted that we ought to admit only silk to be remanufactured for export. A shrewd senator thereupon made the point that, when the French ladies ceased to wear silk, ladies of fashion in other countries would follow their example.

Likewise, the government tried to fix prices. At the solicitation of consumers, it prescribed maximum prices whenever there was protest against the prevailing rates. We already had the example of the famous maximum price

laws of 1793 to caution us. Those laws, instead of improving the situation, made it so much worse that the very people who forced their adoption compelled their speedy repeal. Any attempt to fix prices is sure to prove futile. Whenever the producer finds himself compelled to accept government rates which are unsatisfactory, he either curtails production or withdraws his goods from the market. Since the regulated articles are no longer offered in open trade, they find their way into the hands of illegal agents, who manage to dispose of them in evasion of the law. For we must not lose sight of the fact that whenever the consumers try to prescribe prices, they only force them upwards. A free market is invariably the cheapest market.

Faced by the failure of its price policy, the government relinquished it in the summer of 1919, except so far as it applied to wheat and coal. It then tried another system. Instead of using compulsion to check 'the reprehensible practices which have aroused legitimate protest from consumers,' it endeavored 'to apply moral restraints to the sellers and to encourage buyers to inform themselves as to the justice or injustice of the prices demanded of them. To accomplish this, it was necessary to have precise data. That was a fine idea, but one difficult to put in practice. How is the normal price of foods and drinks to be ascertained?

A special commission representing all the interested parties was organized in each department. It consisted of the agricultural director as its president, of four merchants of whom two were wholesalers and two retailers appointed by the Chamber of Commerce, of two farmers appointed by the Agricultural Department, of two workmen appointed by the Trade Unions, of two delegates from the Coöperative Societies, of one village mayor, and of

an alderman from the principal town in the department.

This commission had a complex task to perform. In order to ascertain costs, it had to take into account interest upon capital, wages, cost of raw materials, freights, and the various operating and fixed charges of farmers, manufacturers, and merchants. It added 15 per cent to these costs as a normal profit. Now, when you try to ascertain the cost of producing crops, you are up against quite a problem. The cost is seldom the same on any two farms. Practically all that any commission could do was to accept the customary prices then prevailing. After a few months, it ceased to function of its own accord.

This failure did not prevent a second attempt. In February 1920, the Minister of Labor appointed a Central Commission composed of twenty-two members including representatives of Parliament, manufacturers' associations, chambers of commerce, agricultural societies, coöperative societies, and the various cabinet departments. That commission was expected to organize district commissions, whose duty it should be to collect and transmit to it information regarding the movement of prices and the cost of living in their respective localities. The primary object was to ascertain prices in order to fix the bonuses paid to officials in place of an increase in salaries. That was the idea last February; but now Parliament sees that a straight increase in government salaries will have to be authorized, since there is no immediate prospect that the cost of living will fall.

Anything the government does will be futile until consumers discover how to protect themselves. Hitherto, the latter have merely helped prices upward. It is difficult for consumers to accomplish much, because they are

unorganized. Perhaps the wisest possible measure would be to encourage the organization of consumers. Such unions were provided for by the government last October. We may await their result — but without exaggerated hope.

Last spring a great campaign to lower prices started, in which the press took the lead. It had an almost immediate effect. There was a slight fall in the cost of raw materials. This may have been a mere coincidence. By a happy chance, the campaign started just when prices were really coming down in the United States, when Japan was in the midst of a business crisis, and when there was a growing surplus of production. America had imagined that European markets would take goods without limit, since they were absolutely bare. However, this expectation was disappointed by reason of the decline in European money as measured by dollars, and by such untoward events as the prolongation of the war between Russia and Poland, the constant disorders in Central and Eastern Europe, and political uncertainties in the newly created states. In order to prevent a crisis, American banks, at the urgency of the Federal Reserve Board, curtailed their credits, which had expanded in a most unhealthy way, having risen from \$6,500,000,000 on June 30, 1914, to more than \$12,000,000,000 on May 4, 1920. These were the figures for national banks alone. The credits granted by trust companies and private banks had been still larger. Americans thought this inflation of credit the principal reason for the dizzy rise of prices. Overliberal credit enabled merchants and manufacturers to compete ruthlessly for raw materials and labor. The result had been a constant advance of wages and salaries without any increase in production. Under such con-

ditions, an expansion of credit is nothing but an evil; therefore it was decided to restrict it. Americans fancy that they are reaching the end of their era of extravagance and foolish spending. Realizing the gap between consumption and production, they feel the necessity of increasing the latter or diminishing the former. The big buyers of merchandise and raw materials realize that they must keep within safe limits and not plan a bigger campaign than they can handle with their means in hand. The banks decided to grant credit to factories only in proportion to their capacity and output, and to railways only in proportion to the traffic they carried. This decision did not produce a serious business crisis, although latest reports indicate that failures are increasing.

So it was an excellent moment to start a campaign for lower prices in France. Encouraged by a slight decline in the cost of some raw materials, consumers hoped that retail prices would soon follow, and so cut down their purchases. This movement spread so rapidly that retailers, finding their sales falling off, ordered fewer goods and canceled orders already given. Factories, in their turn, curtailed production. Even the manufacture of articles of first necessity, such as shoes, was cut down to four or five days a week.

Immediately, people interested in the industries thus affected appealed to the government, pointing out the dangers which a fall in prices involves. They asserted that the strongest desire they had in the world was to see prices reduced, but that the cost of making the goods they had on hand and the goods they would turn out during the next few months prevented an immediate reduction. Then the minister of commerce made a public statement, to the effect that indus-

tries using raw materials which pass through several processes, such as the textile industry, for example, could not lower the price of their products to correspond with the declining price of wool and cotton enough to justify a reduction in the cost of clothing for several months to come. On the other hand, he pointed out that in case of perishable goods, declining wholesale prices might reduce retail prices inside of twenty-four hours. Unhappily for consumers, food also refused to fall. It was obvious that retailers, though prompt to raise their prices as soon as wholesale prices go up, are loath to lower their prices when the wholesale prices go down.

Meantime, the consumer is also at fault. For a time, he was crazy to buy things which he did not need. Now he has gone to the other extreme. Frugality is an excellent thing, but parsimony is a bad thing. The consumer should limit his purchases to the minimum which he reasonably requires. But to refuse to buy when there is an abundance of an article in the market, is to paralyze industry and to invite a new rise of prices, which will certainly ensue when consumers are forced, as they eventually will be, to come into the market again. For then they will all come in at once. Charles Gide wrote twenty years ago: 'Though the consumer may be king of our business system, we must recognize that he is a most incompetent king. He does not even possess the power of a constitutional monarch who reigns, but does not govern.' Let us add, when he tries to govern, he invariably governs badly. As Mr. Mauray, editor of *La Journée Industrielle*, and president of the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association of France, recently wrote—the tastes of the public are never ruled by reason:

Box calf is the only upper leather which we do not have to import. Unhappily the public taste

demands other leathers, such as kid, buckskin, and the like, which are imported at enormous prices on account of the low value of the franc abroad. In women's shoes, it is the fashion to employ special fabrics, the cost of which is rising abnormally. Under such conditions, how can the public expect our costs to go down so that we can sell our goods at more reasonable rates?

We have no reason to expect a decline in the cost of clothing. Before that can occur, cloth, dyes, and findings must fall — and there is no indication of that; wages must be reduced — and workers demand more than ever; taxes must be diminished — and they will invariably increase to meet the growing burden of government, as will likewise railway rates, since our transportation companies are facing a deficit of 2,000,000,000 francs.

Some people argue that we could force down prices by compelling the sale of hoarded provisions and raw materials. But here we face another fact. Our industries require a normal stock of materials ahead. These accumulations regulate the market and are indispensable for that purpose. If the visible supply falls below prospective consumption, prices shoot upward. If that supply greatly exceeds prospective consumption, the bottom falls out of the market. One of the principal reasons for the rise in prices during the war was the decrease in this normal supply. Food and raw materials, like cotton and coffee, which appear in the market at a definite season, must be stored. Buyers must purchase the planter's crop before it is ready for delivery, or else some competitor will snap it up. Factories must feel that enough raw materials are procurable to enable them to run regularly. So what some people consider hoarding is a perfectly sound and healthy commercial operation. We must start out by drawing a clear line between these normal stocks and stocks accumulated solely for speculative purposes. That

is an exceedingly difficult line to draw. At least it would be hazardous to start a general campaign of forced selling.

Price movements have two aspects. Hitherto, retail prices have risen steadily so as to increase the cost of living. On the other hand, raw materials have fallen, but not enough to compensate for increased costs of production due to rising wages and a shorter working day. In France, producers face other difficulties. The cost of capital has risen throughout the world. So we shall have no sudden drop in prices. Producers themselves would profit by a decline which would set goods in circulation and end the stagnation of the present manufacturing.

I do not mean by this that manufacturers and other producers are not guilty of unfair efforts to maintain high prices. Germany is up in arms against such practices, and German employers' associations are charged with opposing any reduction. To cite three examples mentioned in the press of that country: the Bavarian Glass Manufacturers' Association has raised prices from 130 per cent to 200 per cent above those of a year ago, although some members of the association state that an increase of 85 per cent is sufficient. The German Porcelain Manufacturers' Union, after getting the assistance of the government to force all the works which had not previously joined to become members, increased prices 600 per cent between January 15 and April 30, 1920. This association also compels retailers to buy goods exclusively from its members. Before the war, a dozen white china plates retailed for 1.80 marks and they now cost 82.60 marks; a coffee service which formerly cost 2.20 marks to-day costs 87.50 marks; a dinner service of twenty-three pieces which used to cost 12.50 marks, now costs 350.35 marks, and so on. Similar conditions exist in most branches of

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industry. These associations force the members to fix their profits at from 50 per cent to 100 per cent, even against the wishes of many manufacturers. They also force their members to impose very hard conditions on buyers; for example they levy heavy fines upon any manufacturer who grants his customers special favors in deliveries or discounts. In practically all instances, retailers are not only forced to buy exclusively from members of the associations, but are required to pay prices quoted at the time of delivery instead of at the time of placing their orders.

Germany, like France, has tried to regulate prices through government controllers, but this device has proved just as ineffective there as it has with us. Indeed, abuses have become so acute in Germany that a consumers' strike has been suggested by the retail merchants themselves.

As yet the situation in France is not so bad as that. We are receiving more coal than at any previous time since the armistice. As a result, iron and steel products are falling even faster than the price of coke. Our steel manufacturers have reduced the base price for half finished products by 200 francs, and for rails and rods by 250 francs, or about 20 per cent below the rates hitherto prevailing. Our weavers have lowered prices. The lower cost of coal and metals will make its effect felt in the course of time upon other branches of manufacturing. Unless conditions change, we may regard the future with hope, bearing in mind always that betterment will be very gradual. It will take years to get back to pre-war conditions. Our business interests are so knit up with those of our neighbors, that our recovery can only keep step with that of the other countries which have suffered from the war. What folly it is to suppose, for example, that we can dispense with

Russia, which used to be one of the greatest reservoirs of raw material on the globe. The Americans have kept dinning the fact into our ears — and they are right — that business recovery on our side of the ocean is a continental question and not a national question. But they must go further even than that. It is an international question.

[*London Times* (Northcliffe Press),
November 30]

IF ONLY ENGLAND KNEW!

BY A CORRESPONDENT

If only the people in England knew. . . . Everywhere in Ireland to-day you hear that cry.

Men and women of every shade of political opinion and religious faith — Catholics, Protestants, Unionists, Nationalists, even large numbers of Sinn Feiners — are united in that inarticulate appeal. They are not in the mood to put any trust in governments and statesmen. But they feel that if the people in the sister isle knew what is happening in their country they would inevitably take steps to put an end to the intolerable suffering, the nightmare of terror, by which they are now cowed and tortured. Day after day and night after night — especially night after night — murder and violence and terrorism are knocking at their doors. In the disturbed areas — and at any moment any district may be added to the list — no house, no hotel, no church, no train, no tramcar, no road, no place that is not guarded by armed forces superior to the possible attackers is safe from the rule of the revolver.

There is no laughter to-day in Ireland. It has fled the land, banished first of all by the terrorism of Sinn Fein, grim, cold-blooded, and cruel, and now by the added fear of reprisals. Be-

tween the nether and upper millstones the law-abiding population — that is, the great majority of the people of Ireland — are ground to powder. They live a life of panic. They have become a nation of whispers. No man can trust his neighbor unless he is an intimate friend. They dare not discuss in public even the reports of horrors with which the newspapers are daily filled. Some enemy might hear.

Some of the acts of violence can be definitely put down to definite motives and agencies. But there are others. No one outside the gang of the actual murderers knows for certain who were the slayers of McCurtain or Father Griffin. No one can go to bed at night without the feeling that armed men may walk into his bedroom in the hours of darkness. At any moment the dreadful hammering at the door may come, and then no power on earth can keep the door closed. In the streets, even before the curfew hour, peaceable citizens may find themselves held up on their way, and unable, sometimes for hours, to go about their business or return to their homes.

Hardly an evening passes without, in one district or another, the sound of rifle or revolver shots. Grim letters of personal warning, notices of forthcoming vengeance on whole towns, and similar alarming threats are almost commonplaces of life. It is easy to find people who have been cruelly knocked about, or thrown into rivers, or who have had their houses burned about their ears. Every night thousands of people sleep in the fields, under hedges, or haystacks, because they dare not sleep at home. Every night, if they stay in their houses, many thousands go to bed in fear and trembling, in a Christian land, in the twentieth century, in a time of peace.

Why do these things happen? Why are servants of the Crown charged with

pillage and arson and what amounts to lynch law, and even with drunkenness and murder? How can the reign of terror be stopped? Many men have tried to answer that last question; many men in Ireland and England think of hardly anything else but the possible steps that might bring about a settlement. The mass of the people of Ireland are beginning, in the last resort, to believe that it is only the people of England who can do it.

But how? Sinn Feiners declare that there were no shootings of policemen until the government, by a long campaign of arrests, imprisonment without trial, and other repressive measures, had exasperated the people beyond bearing. The forces of the Crown contend that the reprisals, which they admit, only came into force after the cold-blooded murder of scores of policemen, who for years had been unable to leave their barracks except in strong force, and equally cruel murders of soldiers and officers had made their comrades and fellow-servants of the Crown see red and break bounds. Every one, except the extreme Sinn Feiners, knows, though many are afraid to admit it, that before the Irish people were terrorized, as they now are, by the excesses sometimes committed by members of the Crown forces, as a rule not in uniform, they were terrorized by the tyranny of Sinn Fein, by night raids in search of arms, by compulsion of the younger men, enforced by threats of death, from which there was only one way of escape, to join the ranks of the Irish Republican army.

To-day, whatever degree of truth there may be in these statements and counter-statements, there is no question about the present state of affairs. Where there was one tyranny and one terrorism there are now two. It has been pointed out over and over again that to put down the first tyranny, that

of the extreme revolutionary body, is the plain duty of the government and the forces under their command. It has to be remembered — as the hideous crimes of last Sunday week showed with such terrible clearness — that, in the execution of that duty, these men, soldiers, police, and auxiliaries, carry their lives in their hands, and undergo daily an ordeal even more trying than that to which most of them were exposed in the war, when the enemy was an open enemy, and they themselves carried weapons for self-defense as well as offense. Because of that difference, because of the cruelty and brutality and treachery of their assailants, some of them have themselves committed acts of terrorism and violence of which no disciplined force should be guilty, or, indeed, can be guilty, without very grave and regrettable effects on their morale.

Meanwhile, the innocent section of the people of Ireland — all, that is to say, but a comparatively small number — suffer for the excesses of both sides. They may be, they are, to blame, in that they have not evolved a public opinion, however they may privately detest Sinn Fein crimes, strong enough to make these murders impossible. But they are, not unnaturally, so abjectly cowed by the rule of the revolver, and the assassins in their midst, that any other attitude than their present one of enforced submission is hardly to be expected of them.

It is in this condition of mind that they instinctively feel that only the people of England can save them. They are sick to death of the violence of Sinn Fein, the action of which has not only terrorized them but has stopped the greater part of their trains, so that they cannot market their produce, has enormously increased their rates, and, as a result of the refusal to submit county and district council accounts to gov-

ernment audit, has dammed the source of government loans to the extent of many hundred thousands of pounds, and consequently put an end to housing and building operations. On the other hand, it has given them nothing, and it is significant that some of the county councils are beginning to disassociate themselves from the policy laid down by the Sinn Fein leaders. So far this tendency is only partial, and is due to economic and not to moral reasons. But it may be the beginning of a much larger revolt.

It is strongly held by men of moderate opinion in Ireland that, although in the 1918 election the twenty-six counties voted for Republicanism or the institution of Dail Eireann (on a register which was grossly tampered with, and under Sinn Fein intimidation), the majority of the people, in spite of their convinced Nationalist feelings, are sufficiently alive to their own interests to fear the results of complete separation from the Empire. It is believed that if the government were to propose in the House of Commons a measure of Home Rule embodying four principal conditions, and were to submit it to a referendum by secret ballot on a register of voters jointly revised by the King's Lieutenants and a Sinn Fein representative in each county, it would command the support of at least a seventy-five per cent majority. The four conditions laid down are:

(1) The strategic unity of the Empire.

(2) Ulster—Decentralization of the six counties interunifying council.

(3) Assumption by Ireland of its proper share of national debt.

(4) Full control of finance, customs, excise, and income tax.

When Irishmen say: 'If people in England only knew,' what they practically mean is that if they knew what is happening in Ireland they would be so

shocked and horrified that they would press upon the government the offer of some such proposal which they would be prepared willingly to accept. That seems to be what they have at the back of their heads, though at the present moment what they most ardently long for is not political offers of any kind, but the cessation of raids and reprisals.

With regard to reprisals, every man of sanity and humane and just impulses must be with them. The case of raids, decently conducted and with as much consideration for the innocent and as little terror as possible, is different. At present, the government's first duty is to stop the murder campaign, and for that purpose raids seem to be a necessary instrument and the most effective that lies to their hand, always assuming that reprisals are to be vigorously suppressed instead of weakly tolerated and ignored. They are, under whatever provocation they may have been committed, vile and suicidally dangerous.

It is felt, however, by those who can look beyond the calamities and horrors

of the present moment, that a political proposal on the lines suggested above would have such an effect on the Irish as a whole that Sinn Féin crime would find itself in an environment much less favorable to its activity than that now existing. It is only fair to say, also, that there are Sinn Feiners and Sinn Feiners, and that some of those in authority, whose hands are not actually stained with murder, declare that Dail Eireann, if it were allowed to meet and function publicly, could effectively and quickly put an end to the murder campaign. The more moderate party, those who would welcome, as Home Rulers and not as Republicans, the political offer outlined above, believe in the same way that a Home Rule Parliament would, with a reconstituted and unarmed police, backed, if necessary, by British troops, itself be able to break up and suppress the murder gang. In both cases, the point is that many Irishmen believe that, as Irishmen, they can put an end to these murders if they themselves are left to deal with them.

[*La Revue de Genève* (Liberal Political and Literary Monthly), November 1920]

THE SCANDINAVIAN AMENDMENTS

BY HJALMAR BRANTING

[In the following article the Swedish Social Democrat leader and former Premier discusses the proposed amendments to the League of Nations Covenant submitted by the northern powers to the Assembly. The rejection of amendments of similar tenor was the reason for the withdrawing of Argentina.]

FOR a long time now, public opinion in the three Scandinavian countries has been endeavoring to impress upon the mind of the world the ideal of universal peace. It was not a mere chance that a Swede endowed the Nobel prize

for eminent service in the cause of peace, and entrusted to the Norwegian Parliament the granting of that prize. In no other land are the common people more vividly conscious of the barbarity of war, of its unworthiness to survive

in the midst of real civilization. Possibly no other countries have been so energetic as ours in condemning the idea that war is an inevitable means of reaching international adjustments. Old Moltke's saying, that eternal peace is a dream and not even a pleasant dream, betrays an attitude toward life absolutely alien to the soul of the North Germanic nations.

It was the World War, which, by the example of the evil and suffering it caused, aroused the intelligence of mankind to consciousness of the vital need for a League of Nations, whose main purpose should be to prevent armed conflicts. What had previously been the Utopia of a few pioneers, and a topic for the empty resolutions of Socialist conferences exercising as yet no influence upon public opinion, was transformed, thanks to Wilson's Fourteen Points, into a political programme supported by a powerful government. One can readily understand that the Scandinavian countries were already converted to this project and gave it their enthusiastic support. But the war was so long; it embraced so many nations; it involved such stern application of the rule that the more merciless one is, the speedier the victory, that when the militarists were finally defeated the elements for a conciliatory peace no longer existed. The idea of a League of Nations was not utterly abandoned. It was used in spite of its detractors to form a sort of portico to the Treaty of Versailles. It served to convey the idea that the Treaty represented a real advance and embodied some promise for the future, beyond the long list of penalties, imposed by the victor upon the vanquished, which make up such documents. It is true that the League of Nations created by the Covenant of June 28, 1919, was at the outset only a group of allied and associated governments. Provision was

made for admission later of the states which had remained neutral during the war, but they were not allowed to share except in a minor way in drafting the Covenant; and the admission of the enemy powers was postponed to an uncertain future date.

Nevertheless, the first important step had been taken. Only men who expected an erring world, so tardy, alas, in its progress, to create in the very depths of its misery a perfect agency for the prevention of war were justified in refusing to join an organization so obviously incomplete that it was distrustfully called a 'League of Conquerors.' The obligations which members assumed were not of a character to exclude governments which had tried to remain neutral and had succeeded in their effort.

The three northern countries, which had managed to keep out of the World War, were not unanimous in their attitude toward the League of Nations. Denmark was unreservedly favorable to joining. In Norway, the Socialists, in contrast with their colleagues in the two other Scandinavian countries, opposed joining. In Sweden, the Socialist Party in alliance with the Liberals, made a vigorous campaign for adhesion to the League, while the Conservatives opposed joining because they feared this might impair our sovereignty. It goes without saying that the little Bolshevik group, following the cue of Russia, tried to create suspicion of the League by denouncing it as an instrument of Entente imperialism.

I should add here, that as soon as Parliament made its decision and approved joining by two thirds majority, the opponents immediately laid down their arms and loyally joined the majority in an effort to improve the Covenant. As a result the Swedish Parliament proposed these five amendments:

1. Admission at the earliest possible date of all states not yet invited to join;

2. A fair representation of the secondary powers in the Council of the League;

3. A better definition of the constitution and the powers of the League Assembly, and of the functions and powers of the different executive offices of the League of Nations;

4. The formation as promptly as possible of the international tribunal provided in the Covenant, and a clearer definition of the arbitration procedure prescribed in the Covenant.

This was followed by another proposed amendment, no less important than those which preceded it.

5. Universal disarmament as provided in Article 8 of the Covenant, to be undertaken without delay.

The Swedish Parliament requested the Cabinet to employ its influence and efforts in every way possible to promote the modification of the League along these general lines. In order to indicate more emphatically the policy of Sweden as a member, these five points were appended to the act by which we joined the League.

From early in the war, the three Scandinavian governments provided for joint action by official delegates who met from time to time and adopted measures to protect their common interests. When the time came to present our wishes relative to the League Covenant, we employed the same machinery to elaborate the project we proposed to submit to the first Assembly at Geneva. As a result two proposals were sent to the League's secretariat; one last July, and the other in October. The first referred to modifications in Articles 3, 4, 13, and 16 of the Covenant. The later one dealt with the permanent Court of International Justice, a plan for which was being drafted by a committee of jurists in conformity with Article 14 of the Covenant; and with the conciliation committees provided by Articles 12 and 15 of the same document.

Sweden's proposals agreed in all essential respects with those of Norway and Denmark. However, there were minor points upon which they did not reach an agreement. So each government reserved the right also to submit independent suggestions.

Our wishes in respect to Article 3 look to strengthening the powers of the Assembly. That is why the Swedish government recommended that the Assembly meet every year, at a date to be specified in the Covenant itself, and that it shall be convened at any other date at the request of ten members of the League.

Our proposed amendment of Article 4 is designed to limit the period during which the same government may be continuously represented in the League Council. It is of supreme importance to have a large number of governments successively members of the Council, but at the same time there should be a certain continuity in its composition. This makes it very desirable to define precisely the provisions of the Covenant on these points. We propose that any government may be a member of the Council for a term of four years, but shall not be eligible to serve for two terms in succession; and that the Assembly at each annual session shall elect a new government as member of the Council. In order to get this system started, we suggest that the Assembly at the first elections shall choose four governments to be represented on the Council for periods of three, four, five, and six years respectively.

Article 13 enumerates certain classes of disputes which members of the League are obligated 'generally' to submit to arbitration. We believe the reservation contained in the word 'generally' ought to be abolished, and arbitration should be made compulsory.

We propose also a very important

amendment to Article 16, relating to the participation of the small powers in an economic blockade. Such blockades are undoubtedly the most effective weapons placed in the hands of the League of Nations, and it is essential that they should be applied as rapidly and decisively as possible. But it is evident that some governments, which are not very strong from a military point of view, and which occupy a particularly exposed position with regard to their more powerful neighbors, might expose themselves to serious danger by a sudden and complete rupture of trade relations with these neighbors. It is quite conceivable that the stronger power might be tempted to seize the territory of the weaker power, in order to guarantee important economic interests which the blockade might imperil. We therefore desire to see Article 16 so modified as to empower the League Council to permit a smaller state placed in this embarrassing position to continue trading to some extent with the recalcitrant power.

Holland and Switzerland supported the Swedish proposals, the former power apparently making reservation in respect to Article 13.

As remarked above, our proposed amendment relating to the permanent court of justice was forwarded to the secretariat in October. We suggested that the number of candidates proposed by each government for appointment to the Court should be six instead of two; as this would facilitate the final selection of the judges and tend to prevent disputes between the Assembly and Council. In regard to Article 28, we criticized the plan of permitting a party whose nation is not represented on the Court, to designate a judge. That may result in the Court's resembling ordinary arbitration boards, which follow legal precedents, but also

admit principles of quite a different order. Furthermore, it seemed desirable to us that all the judges should reside permanently at the place where the court holds its sessions, and that the judges should not be permitted to occupy simultaneously any other public office.

Last of all, the Scandinavian governments have just submitted to the Assembly a proposal regarding conciliation. This is our idea: international disputes not submitted to an arbitration tribunal should be examined in every instance, not by the League Council or the League Assembly as the Covenant provides, but by a special committee composed of an impartial chairman and an equal number of members appointed by each of the disputants. We object very properly that the Council of the League is a body inevitably representing special political interests, and that the Assembly is too large to act satisfactorily as a conciliatory agency. In cases where the special committee which we recommend cannot reach a settlement, there would be no other recourse, naturally, than to submit the dispute to the Council or the Assembly. But in that case the dispute would have already been thoroughly studied by men well informed as to all its aspects.

One can readily see that none of these proposals is at all revolutionary. It would not have been advisable to suggest at the first session serious modifications of a Covenant, which represents so much labor and so many compromises. However, we Scandinavians who have studied the matter believe that the adoption of these minor changes will add much to the strength and stability of this institution, of such immeasurable importance for the future of our civilization.

I must now say a few words on another subject, which, to quote the reso-

lution of the Swedish Parliament, 'is not the least important': the great question of limiting armaments.

One can easily understand, in view of the strong pacifist sentiment in the Scandinavian countries, that our people expect the League of Nations to inaugurate a new era in this respect. Although the Scandinavian people have never become fatally infected with continental militarism, rivalry in armaments before the war had influenced even us and had caused a considerable addition to our military burdens, both personal and economic — especially in Sweden. In this matter, the government went beyond what public opinion endorsed; and the great increase in the Radical vote after the election of 1917 was due largely to the promise made by the Socialists and Liberals, that they would cut down the military budget. The Coalition Cabinet of Liberals and Socialists addressed itself at once to this task; and the Socialist Cabinet of 1920 went still further in that direction.

However, a radical reduction of armament can only come about by international agreement. Consequently, every political party in Sweden is strongly in favor of such a measure. Cabinet officers and foreign ministers of all three countries, representing the Conservatives in Norway, the Radicals in Denmark, and the Social Democrats in Sweden, readily agreed on the following resolution, which was dispatched to the secretariat of the League and transmitted by it to the different members:

The Conference (of the three northern powers) has considered the resolution of the Council of the League of Nations regarding the establishment of the Commission on the reduction of armaments, provided for by Article IX of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The Conference has expressed the hope that the work of this Commission will be carried out without delay, in spite of the differences of opinion which may arise regarding the principles

applied in its formation, so that it may soon be possible to determine the bases of agreement with regard to an effective limitation of armaments, without which peace cannot be assured.

As every one knows, the Commission as actually organized consists exclusively of military officers. Without overlooking the need of technical assistance in dealing with such questions, I must say that public opinion in the Scandinavian countries questions whether the radical reforms demanded by the common people after this war can be expected from a body of military specialists. The near future will tell. But while waiting an answer, the governments of the three northern countries wish to emphasize their joint opinion on this subject; without an effective limitation of armaments peace cannot be guaranteed.

An observer who does not see below the surface, may fancy that the world is not yet ready for a policy of disarmament. Violence still continues and defies even the authority of the League. But the progress of the world cannot be diverted from its course by a few brutal incidents, at points where new national interests happen just now to clash, and equilibrium has not yet been established. The silent force of millions of human beings, who intuitively realize that civilization is going to perish if nations continue to appeal to arms instead of submitting to the decision of democratic law as provided in the Covenant — this force does not advertise itself in the sensational headlines of our yellow press; but it exists notwithstanding. After the revolutions which have overturned the military monarchies, it would be absurd to fancy that the practical, silent wish of the toiling masses for peace and international understanding will be helpless against the little minority who cling to the old system of armed peace.

[*Critica Sociale* (Milan Conservative Socialist Fortnightly), October 31]
SOCIAL MOTIVES IN JEWISH NATIONALISM

BY MOSES BEILINSON

[The author of the following article is a Jewish Socialist-Zionist from eastern Europe. In an introductory note the editor of *Critica Sociale* says: 'The able analysis of the social factors in Zionism which our contributor here traces for our readers will be read with lively interest irrespective of religious or racial sympathies.']

DURING the past thirty years the Jews of every country, particularly of eastern Europe and the United States, have been agitated by a powerful national movement called Zionism, which aims to restore an autonomous Hebrew state in Palestine. This movement merely expresses under a new name and with new methods an aspiration which has never ceased to exist among the Hebrew people during their long exile. Now the war has taken the Zionist movement out of the hands of a narrow circle of Hebrew enthusiasts and tepid Christian sympathizers, and made it an issue of international politics. During the last few years, the Hebrew world has alternated between hope and disappointment. At the time of the armistice, the Jews felt that a new epoch had already dawned for their disinherited nationality. It is still premature to predict whether these hopes are eventually to be realized or, in spite of all the assurances of European diplomats, are to be disappointed.

Zionism, like all national movements, is inspired by social motives. These motives are religious, ethnic, and cultural, and involve even our sense of personal dignity, which has been so frequently and so brutally offended. In order to isolate them

from accompanying motives of another character, we must leave out of account, for the moment, the Jews of western Europe. First of all, western Jews belong more largely to a social class—the middle and upper Bourgeoisie of the financial and intellectual world—which is not deeply interested in the social movement. In fact, both in America and western Europe, Jews of the upper social classes are inclined to be indifferent or even hostile to Jewish nationalist propaganda. Having escaped from the disabilities of their eastern co-religionists, they have devoted all their energy to acquiring the desirable things of western civilization, and have largely succeeded. Enjoying equal social and political rights, they have become an organic part of an essentially Christian society. They instinctively avoid association with anything which recalls their unhappy past. This may not be flattering to their moral courage; but it is a characteristic trait of the Bourgeoisie of every race and creed. These Jews gladly make capital of their 'historic rights' and their 'national policy' so long as these serve their business ends, but conveniently forget them whenever they threaten to prove an encumbrance. Now, the Jewish Bourgeoisie has discovered that its privileged

status is threatened by Zionism; for its business instincts do not tempt it toward the arid lands of still impoverished Palestine, while the emphasis Zionism lays upon the distinct nationality of the Hebrews; its appeal for a restoration of the cultural traditions of the race; its open struggle to obtain a recognition of our political autonomy, can hardly fail to revive a division not yet entirely obliterated between the Jewish Bourgeoisie and their fellow citizens of different ancestry, and thus to prejudice their present privileged position, with all the material and immaterial advantages they derive from it.

Consequently a life and death struggle, although a silent and concealed one, is going on in the bosom of the race, in which the Jewish Bourgeoisie, camouflaging its campaign with such party cries as, 'Humanitarian and Internationalist Ideals,' is trying to stifle Zionism. But the latter movement has the support of an overwhelming majority of the Hebrew people, for whom the recent emancipation—delayed in Russia until 1917 and in Roumania until 1919—is only an unpromising foretaste of liberty, which has as yet failed to relieve their economic distress, to lessen the hostility of their Christian neighbors, or to lighten their poverty and ignorance by even the promise of future opportunity for education or material betterment.

In the vanguard of this popular movement is the organized proletariat of the Zionist-Socialist Party (*Poale Zion*). This party enrolls the great majority of the people who are hard to classify by their occupation—small shopkeepers, peddlers, commission men, and petty dealers of all kinds, who form the greater part of the Hebrew population of eastern Europe. They are reënforced by many educated Jews,

who renounce their bourgeois status because their social and national idealism is greater than love of material gain.

I have said that a majority of the Jews in eastern Europe are difficult to classify by vocation. It is characteristic of them all that they live almost completely detached from the soil. Only a very small number—from two to 12 per cent—of the 9,000,000 Jews in Russia, the Ukraine, Poland, Roumania, and Hungary, are engaged in agriculture. The proportion is still less in Germany, Austria, and Bohemia. So we have a population completely urbanized with all the economic and psychological peculiarities of a people divorced from nature. These Jews live at the expense, but also at the mercy of the farming population. We must bear in mind that all the countries I mention are predominantly agricultural. Our race is concentrated in large cities, where in some instances it forms a majority of the inhabitants. Besides the negligible minority of Jewish farmers, there is another equally negligible minority—in point of numbers—which has risen to the higher ranks of the Bourgeoisie. These are large manufacturers, wholesale merchants, and stockbrokers, who crowd the cafés and boulevards of Vienna, Vilna, Berlin, and Odessa, and are a butt for metropolitan cartoonists. They loom unduly large in the eyes of superficial observers, among whom, let it be said, is even Karl Marx. For Marx, himself a Jew, was profoundly ignorant of the Jews of eastern Europe, and identified a few hundred of his race in Frankfort and Berlin, where they were just commencing to become prominent in the capitalist world, with the entire nation. For him, Hebrewism and Capitalism were one. This explains his latent hostility to the Jews, comparable with his equally unjustified

hostility to the Slavs, whom he lumped together as 'peasant individualists' and considered as typical representatives of world reaction.

Between these two extremes — the little minority of Jewish peasants and the still smaller number of wealthy Jews — are the overwhelming majority of the race. Between 25 and 35 per cent of the latter are employed in manufacturing and other manual arts. But the larger share are engaged in petty traffic and so-called domestic occupations. In the countries where the Jews are most numerous, practically all small artisans are of that race. The number employed in factory occupations, in the proper sense of the word, is relatively small. So we have even in this group of employments a repetition of the phenomenon we have already observed in case of agriculture. The remoter a trade is from nature, the greater its concentration in Jewish hands.

Relatively few are engaged in important, influential, and stable branches of production. They are hardly ever employed in the textile or metallurgical industries, on the railways, or as sailors. They are most numerous in the periphery of the business world — in such industries as, for example, tailoring, cigar-making, baking, wood-working, driving hacks, and canvassing. This explains the arrested prosperity of the Hebrew people, the relatively minor influence which the Hebrew workingman plays in the international struggle between labor and capital, and the eccentric and almost ridiculous features of the class struggle within the ranks of the Hebrews themselves.

Returning to statistics, the largest single group of occupations in which the Jews of eastern Europe are engaged — from 30 to 40 per cent — is the mercantile and itinerant trades.

It would be a mistake, however, to class these people with the Bourgeoisie in the sense that they make a profit from the labor of others. This was the condition at one period, something more than a century ago, when the Jews, particularly in Poland, formed a true Bourgeoisie. As a result of historical events, which we have not the space to describe here, a little minority of wealthy financiers and merchant princes has emerged from this 30 or 40 per cent, but the rest have remained petty traffickers, scarcely earning their daily bread. They trade with borrowed capital for which they are charged usurious interest. A booth, a market stall, valued with all its wares at a few hundred francs, is the typical estate of a Galician or a Polish Jew. In addition, there is a whole army of itinerant peddlers who wander about the country during the week, with their packs on their backs, returning Friday, on the eve of the Jewish Sabbath, with perhaps enough money to buy their family a few herrings for the coming week, and a fresh fish for the Holy Day. Beside these, there is a host of agents or canvassers who go about the country from village to village, performing services which are becoming more superfluous with every passing day and therefore more unpopular with the public. In this class should be included also the clerks in country stores; men who never rise above that position, but none the less are leaders among the Hebrew working class. Finally there is a lower category, peculiarly Jewish, which the Germans call *Luftmenschen*, airmen, who have no regular vocation or source of income, but pick up a living the best they can. These classes form a great majority of the so-called Hebrew Bourgeoisie, upon whose heads, nevertheless, the wrath of the mob falls in the 'days of judgment,' as the handiest

representatives of a hated system of exploitation.

So we are faced with a condition superficially peculiar, perhaps, but easily understood when we reflect on the general social and national status of the Hebrews, as a people who have wandered for centuries in strange lands and among strange neighbors, who are incorporated not by their own will, but by force into an economic organism which they have not themselves created, and which does not demand either their labor or their existence. In the same way that Jewish workmen are employed in the most inferior industrial occupations, the Hebrew Bourgeoisie is forced—in practice—to live upon the crumbs of others' tables. Indeed, many nominally belonging to this class are really worse off than the workingmen; which explains why cities like Vienna, Vilna, Warsaw, Odessa, and Lodz, exhibit side by side with the luxury and ostentation of wealthy Hebrew bankers and merchants, the penury and suffocating privations of the Jewish slums.

In the provinces, where the tailor lives off the shoe-maker and the shoe-maker lives off the tailor, the poverty of the Hebrews is less repulsive on the surface, but it is no less keenly felt.

So the Hebrew population of eastern Europe is almost exclusively a city population, of which an overwhelming majority lives in extreme poverty, because it is but partly occupied in productive labor really indispensable for society. At the same time, these people, animated by a powerful passion for reform and progress, by a will to live and survive the pestiferous atmosphere with which they have so long been surrounded, seek persistently a newer and better life.

A way of escape seems to offer itself, which seems both easy and accessible; to profit by the equal rights at last

granted the Jews of Russia and Roumania, and to follow the course which the western Jews have so successfully followed during the last century.

This means surrendering national traditions observed through the martyrdom of centuries, relinquishing the occupations which have condemned them to poverty, and pushing into more useful and profitable pursuits. By accommodating themselves to conditions, the petty traffickers might become substantial merchants. Theoretically, all this is possible, especially when we consider what a great and rich country Russia is, and what a field it affords for energetic and enterprising men. However, this is a remedy which is neither morally or socially attractive to Hebrew Socialists, because it affords only a material relief. Not only does it fail to solve the complexer problem which we call the Jewish question, but it places insuperable obstacles in the way of its solution.

There is another way of escape. The Jewish residents might turn to agricultural pursuits in the countries where they now reside. However, if millions of eastern Jews were to do this, two difficulties would at once present themselves.

1. No sufficiently inspiring motive exists to induce the Jews to try a new occupation so much more laborious than those to which they are accustomed, even though it be more productive. Why, indeed, should a Hebrew huckster in Roumania or Poland want to become a peasant instead of a merchant, when all his training inclines him to the latter pursuit, when he has the example of the successful Jewish merchants in western Europe before his eyes, and when he is faced by the fact that he lives in a farming country where merchants are scarce and peasants are already numerous? The only

thing that could induce Jews to engage in the toilsome and unfamiliar work of farming would be a profound conviction that this would insure the eventual happiness not only of themselves, but of their descendants and their race. However, there is no such promise in Poland or Roumania to-day. But there is such a promise in Palestine, where the transition from trading to farming would be fostered by the government and by public opinion, and would be inspired by a higher aim.

2. The hostility which surrounds the Hebrews in eastern Europe expresses itself not only in bloody pogroms, but also in the general attitude of both the government and the people, which tends to exclude Hebrews from any but the lowest occupations and confines them to those quasi-parasitic pursuits to which they have been condemned for centuries. In Hungary, Roumania, and Poland, estate owners will not sell land to Jews; factory owners will not employ Jewish workmen; buyers boycott Jewish products, and the government prohibits Sunday labor. A majority of the eastern Jews are scrupulous observers of the Jewish Sabbath.

Coöperative societies and Chambers of Labor will not admit Jews. As a result of all this hostility the latter are excluded from the principal productive occupations and confined, to use Marx's expression, 'in the pores of society.' Even Bolshevist Russia, where there are relatively few Jews — about 800,000 — has not shown as friendly an attitude toward them as might be expected. It has afforded them, to be sure, plenty of chance to work, but it has deprived them of an opportunity to exercise any of their former professions.

Emigration provides eastern Jews still a third road of escape from their present social disabilities. More than

3,000,000 have gone to North America during the last 30 years. These have come not only from Russia and Roumania, but also from Galicia and Hungary; which proves that the real cause of this emigration was not mere privation of civil rights, but social and economic distress. In America, the condition of these immigrants promptly changes. Their relation to society approaches the normal, although not so fully as would be desirable. In the United States, 10 per cent of the Jews are already engaged in agriculture; more than 48 per cent are employed in the larger manufacturing industries. However, 28 per cent are still traders. Moreover, their present position is not secure. Many immigrants constantly fall back into their old professions, attracted by the comparative freedom of a huckster's or shopkeeper's life. The Jews in America still lack a social purpose powerful enough to insure their national development. As any immigration enlarges, it seems sure to meet growing resistance from the community. The larger the Jewish colony in America, the more difficult it is made for other Jews to come. Anti-immigration sentiment in the United States and England is not directed against the Jews alone; but it applies to them more strongly perhaps than to any other European people. They have acquired the reputation of being peculiarly open to revolutionary doctrines, and of accepting unduly low wages; so that they have incurred the hostility of trade unions.

So emigration to America, which until recently was the only way of escape, is, on the one hand, becoming increasingly difficult, and on the other, fails to satisfy the aspirations which the Hebrew people have conceived during the last half century, and which have crystallized in the Zionist movement. The latter movement is essen-

tially revolutionary, in the sense that it is trying to divert, by every means possible, the eastern Jews from the path hitherto pursued by the Jews of the west, and to lead them into a free and productive life attached to the soil. Emigration to Palestine started 40 years ago, and was inspired originally by purely sentimental motives. The first colonists were educated Jews, who left after the pogroms of 1881. The movement draws strength from Jewish national sentiment, but its main incentive is the desire to remodel completely the social structure of the Hebrew people. In fact, notwithstanding the unfavorable physical conditions existing in Palestine; notwithstanding the obstacles placed in the way of Jewish immigration, first by the Turks and later by the British

authorities; notwithstanding the hostile distrust of the Arab landowners, and notwithstanding the indifference of the rest of the world, even of the international proletariat, Hebrew workingmen and peasants in that country have already partly succeeded. They have constructed in Palestine, with their own blood and efforts, a new Hebrew community, which is guaranteeing them complete freedom of initiative and progress, and simultaneously redeeming the wasted country. To-day, more than 50 per cent of the Jewish residents are engaged in agriculture; 15 per cent in manufacturing, and less than eight per cent in commerce. That is a grand change, for example, from the less than one per cent of farmers, nine per cent of industrial workers, and 50 per cent of traffickers in Italy.

[*Manchester Guardian* (Liberal Daily), *December 2*]

AMERICA AT THE PARIS CONFERENCE

BY J. M. KEYNES

[In this article a notable book just published in the United States is discussed by Mr. J. M. Keynes, author of the *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, a member of the British Delegation at the Peace Conference, and the most distinguished British authority on the whole question of 'reparation.' The American book is by Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, who belonged to the American Delegation at the Conference, and now throws a great deal of light on the 'reparation' sections of the treaty.]

THIS book is of a different character from any of those which have been written hitherto about the Conference of Peace. First, it is the work of one who played a considerable part at the Conference, who was in a position to know the true facts, and who feels himself free to make use of any of the secret documents in his possession

which he deems relevant. But further, it is the *apologia* of one who (to my way of thinking at least) held during the Conference broad and enlightened views, and did his best to uphold them (though not to the death), and now explains without temper, with much candor (that is to say, if we sometimes substitute for the printed words what

one can discern between them), and with a singular freedom from personalities, why he finally acquiesced in something so very far from what he himself thought wisdom. Mr. Baruch's book is intended to be an explanation of how and why the American Delegation, without being themselves either foolish or dishonorable, came to accept a treaty which was both. It is written in a colorless manner, and a business man's lack of easy penmanship is eked out with copious extracts, the contribution of the author himself barely exceeding a hundred exiguous pages. But this does not detract from its significance as a human and historical document. Mr. Baruch seeks to explain, rather than to defend — which is the more enlightening method. His simplicity, candor, and restraint let the reader into an apprehension of the true facts as he sees them.

It is worth our while, therefore, to try to understand exactly what Mr. Baruch is saying, and to discover at what points we part company with him. The outline of his story is as follows.

1. It is not fair to criticize the American Delegation for what they yielded without making allowance for what they withstood. Mr. Baruch discloses some of the more extravagant demands of the Allied leaders, and hints what sort of a treaty might have come to birth if the American Delegation had not been here at all. I agree with him. He urges this without bitterness or complaint against these leaders or their adjutants personally. But 'though the peace delegates individually were able and high minded, they were bound to the wheel of their national aspirations.' The reader should attend to this sentence, because it is a central doctrine of Mr. Baruch's philosophy of life that 'able and high-minded' persons can, through force of circumstances, become

the instruments of misguided and disastrous passions without ceasing to be able and high-minded. Indeed, it may be a proof of their ability and high-mindedness that they should so acquiesce, because it may give them an opportunity unobtrusively to moderate the passions. 'If the ideal peace, which some demand,' he continues, 'had been actually undertaken, with all that it seemingly involved of sacrifice and unselfishness, the result would have been the overthrow of at least three of the major governments.'

It would be easy to smile at the air of *reductio ad absurdum* with which the conclusion of the sentence is introduced. But it would not be fair to overlook the next sentence, which claims that in this event the new governments succeeding them 'would have come into power under a popular mandate requiring them to be even more exacting in their terms.' In short, the passions of the hour were in the ascendant, and it would have been neither sensible nor useful to have shown oneself unduly heroic. The true friend of humanity took a middle course, obeyed the Doctrine of the Mean, and did as much as circumstances let him. 'The treaty,' he concludes, 'may not embrace all Woodrow Wilson desired, but I believe that it embodies all that could have been obtained' — thus echoing the words of Solon, who, when he was asked whether his laws for the Athenians were the best he could have given them, replied: 'No, but the best they could receive.'

2. Among the facts with which the American Delegation had to reckon, Mr. Baruch especially emphasizes the following. The British Prime Minister had been 'returned to power on the basis of an increase in the severity of the terms of the peace, especially those of reparation,' beyond those to which the Allied leaders had previously

pledged themselves. 'Relief from burdensome taxation had been promised from time to time by the leaders in the various countries. These promises in many instances were based upon false and exaggerated ideas of Germany's capacity to pay.' The French government maintained that the Fourteen Points, and so forth, were not binding, and that the Armistice Agreement gave the Allies a free hand. The English and French Delegations argued for many months with persistence and some skill that Germany was liable to pay the whole cost of the war, a position which the American Delegation held to be untenable and dishonorable. Mr. Baruch records the arguments of those who spoke for England and her Dominions, and an Englishman must be ashamed to see them here set forth for the first time in cold publicity. So acute had the position become that, in March, 1919, when the President was on his way back from America, the American Delegation transmitted a full report to him by wireless. Mr. Baruch's account of the President's reply is a new historical fact of high importance. 'The President replied to the effect that the American Delegation should dissent, and if necessary dissent publicly, from a procedure which "is clearly inconsistent with what we deliberately led the enemy to expect, and cannot now honorably alter simply because we have the power."' This is the authentic voice of the President in the plenitude of his powers. When the tenacity of the American Delegation had saved the Allies from so ruinously dishonorable a procedure, when they had strained so successfully at a camel, is it fair to blame them, Mr. Baruch contends, for swallowing gnats in the interest of reaching an agreement?

3. What were these gnats? In the main, the inclusion of pensions and separation allowances among our

claims for civilian damage. The American Delegation contended that on a strict interpretation we were not entitled to these claims. But the Council of Four (not so, apparently, all the American Delegation) were eventually persuaded that an argument could be produced plausible enough to save the face of honor. This was set forth in a secret memorandum prepared by General Smuts for the four heads of states, which Mr. Baruch feels himself at liberty to print in full. Put briefly, General Smuts's argument maintained that, whereas we were not entitled to claim for damage done to a soldier, but only for damage done to civilians, a soldier may at some later date, after the war, revert to being a civilian, and that any damage suffered by him as a soldier which persists up to the date when he becomes a civilian again can properly be classified as damage to a civilian. Thus was the honor of the victorious nations saved, compatibly with their demanding from the enemy at their feet double as much as they would have been entitled to otherwise.

'The English were reluctant,' Mr. Baruch explains, 'frankly to adopt a policy of moderate reparation, which, however much in the real interest of Great Britain, would have involved a direct repudiation of election pledges. . . . The President and his financial advisers passed days and weeks vainly endeavoring to convince their colleagues in the Allied and Associated governments, that it was impossible for Germany to pay anything like the sums required under the categories,' that is, to say, under the clauses of the treaty as finally drafted.

4. But Mr. Baruch has further lines of defense. Our legitimate claims against Germany were almost certainly more than she would be able to pay. To add on to them, therefore, further claims, possibly not so legiti-

mate, could have no practical consequences. The additional demands meant words, not money. Incantations are cheap. 'In the reparation clauses the conference was not writing a mere contract of dollars and cents; it was dealing with blood-raw passions still pulsing through the people's veins.' If a mad bull can be stopped with a handkerchief soaked in red ink, is it the part of a wise and humane man to spare the ink? The American Delegation, however, would not 'consent to demanding any fixed sum from Germany, unless satisfied of damage to at least that amount,' this being one of the reasons why in the end no definite sum was fixed. Besides, there is the Reparation Commission, and the drafting of that section of the treaty contains many loop-holes which may be more useful in the future than they were obtrusive at the time. There was also one other consideration of a different kind. If the American Delegation had gone too far in pressing the Allies to abate their claims on the enemy, they might have laid themselves open to awkward pressure from the Allies to be allowed corresponding abatements in what they themselves owed to the United States. If Germany could pay so little, could the Allies pay so much? Mr. Baruch twice alludes to this consideration as being present to the minds of the American Delegation. He would have the American public know that although the gnats were chiefly swallowed in the interests of securing a settlement, there may have been money in it too.

'One must be either ignorant, vicious, or an impractical idealist,' Mr. Baruch concludes, to contend that a sound solution of the Reparation problem was possible in the circumstances of Paris. This is indeed to turn the tables — when it becomes a sign not only of wisdom but of virtue and practical idealism to accept an un-

sound solution! But one sees what he means.

Like many others who are secretly ashamed of the treaty, Mr. Baruch pins his hopes on the Reparation Commission. But it is not by that route, in my judgment, that escape will be found. If Mr. Baruch were in as close touch with Europe as he used to be, he would know that that body is not functioning, and that in all probability it never will. Its complicated, sometimes inconsistent, and often unintelligible Constitution gives opportunities to obstruction but not to constructive action. It has few friends and admirers even among its own members, although it is temporarily valued by the French government as a pawn in their political game. So far from its being the instrument of release, its dissolution (at least in its present form and with its existing powers) is an early necessity of progress.

I am interested to find that Mr. Baruch agrees exactly with my estimate for the maximum amount of our legitimate claims against Germany — namely, £3,000,000,000 (gold), exclusive of pensions and separation allowances. He puts Germany's capacity to pay at the same figure, as compared with my estimate of £2,000,000,000. 'One of the difficulties in the situation,' he adds, 'was that a certain great English financial expert asserted with confidence that Germany could pay \$120,000,000,000 (£24,000,000,000 gold).'

I forbear to dwell on many details of the story this book unfolds. If it were written with more art, it would tell less. It powerfully illumines history, and reveals the secret springs of human nature. It takes the private citizen of discerning mind behind the scenes of the modern world of diplomacy and tells him how 'able and high-minded persons' justify their presence there. I

wonder if Mr. Baruch is always aware how much he here discloses.

Availing himself of the different convention current in the United States in the matter of the publication of secret and confidential papers, he tells a fuller tale than any Englishman could, and on the whole a faithful one. Mr. Baruch's book is sincere, and he has done truth a service.

To a great extent, then, I, as another witness of the scene, accept Mr. Baruch's version of it. I agree with him that the American Delegation played a great and useful part in the defense of honorable and sensible courses. The addresses of Mr. John Foster Dulles before the Reparation Commission, here first published, are a defense in the finest traditions of American forensic eloquence of the claims of international good faith. It is for this very reason that the first act of appeasement and generosity would now come more suitably, perhaps, from the British than from the American government; and I hope that we, the British, will make some amends for our demands at Paris by relinquishing entirely in favor of France and Belgium our claim to such reparation payments as are forthcoming. I even concede

that the President being what he was, and the Allied leaders being what they were, then in the situation that Mr. Baruch describes the result could not have been otherwise.

Where is it then that Mr. Baruch's conception of the relations of men and nations fails us and dismays us? Because he counts too low the significance of words — of words which he believes will be empty, and of professions which are disingenuous. It is dangerous to treat the living word as dead. Words live not less than acts and sometimes longer. The war, it may almost be said, was fought for words. Our victory raised the prestige of words, and the terms we promised enthroned them. But it was as though with the expiring breath of Germany the curse which had destroyed her was inhaled by those who stood over her. The realism which taught that words were the tools of emperors, not their masters, has won after all, and the spirit which invaded Belgium triumphed in Paris. Mr. Baruch comforts himself that the parts of the treaty which he hates, not less than I do, are empty because they are impossible, and harmless because they can never happen. But they have wounded the public faith of Europe.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE REVIVAL OF THE WOODCUT

DURING the last half century and more, as the methods of mechanical reproduction have become more and more perfected, so the older processes of engraving which had been used for the purpose of reproduction have been rescued one after another from commercial servitude and become a means of original, artistic expression. First we had the revival of etching, with Sir Seymour Haden and Whistler as prominent pioneers; then the revival of lithography, with Mr. Joseph Pennell as a champion and the Senefelder Club as a happy result. Still more recent is the revival of color-printing, culminating in the Society of Graver Printers in Color.

Last of all to revive has been woodcutting, the oldest of all known methods of engraving, for its use in Europe goes back to 1400 A.D., and in the East its history is still older. But after the golden period of English illustration in the 'fifties of the last century, wood-engraving fell temporarily into abeyance, having been supplanted by photographic processes in the realm of illustration.

Quite latterly, however, and especially since the war, woodcuts have again sprung into popularity as a means of original artistic expression. England has had no such recognized leader among wood-engravers as France possessed in the late Auguste Lepère, but here and there individual artists like Mr. Allan Seaby and Mr. Hall Thorpe, following the masters of Japan rather than the German wood-engravers of the late fifteenth and sixteenth

centuries, have done much to popularize the colored woodcut.

Clearly, then, the time is ripe for the foundation of a society devoted to the development of wood-engraving, and a hearty welcome should be given to the newly-established Society of Wood-Engravers, whose first annual exhibition was opened at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea. The exhibitors as a group follow the traditional European technique rather than the methods of Japan, and while many of the works are impressive and scholarly it is to be feared that few will be really popular in their pictorial appeal. There is a tendency to preciousness which should be guarded against, for if the new society is to be of real service it must appeal not only to collectors, but also to the general public.

From Mr. Stephen Graham to the Editor of the 'Observer'

SIR:—I do not think Mr. John S. Steele, of the *Chicago Tribune*, reviewing *Children of the Slaves* in your columns, needs to explain to people in this country what is meant in America by the expression, 'sob-artist.' We are more familiar with American journalism than we were.

To tell a harrowing story and work up for a sob is, of course, a despicable commercial trick in journalism, and if, in telling the story of the negro, I have done so, it is a grievous fault. Mr. Steele says that the negro problem is largely an economic one, and that it can be discussed quietly without tears.

However, on the day of the news of

the presidential election result there came to London and was printed in the *Times*, the following Reuter telegram:

ELECTION LYNCHINGS

Orlando (Florida), November 3 — A negro named Perry, who was refused a vote because he had not paid his poll tax, returned to the voting place late at night with a revolver and opened fire on some white men, killing two and wounding several others. He was arrested by the police, but the mob quickly captured him, hanged him to a tree, and riddled his body with bullets.

Five other negroes who had taken part in the disturbance which Perry started were burned to death.

I submit to Mr. Steele's mind that the burning of these five negroes to death is something which is more than an economic problem. Behind the words of that telegram is a scene of dreadful human barbarity and cruelty. It does not need a 'sob-artist' to tell the story. Such happenings do not begot the sob of false sentiment, but the white heat of human resentment and rage. That rage is felt by all decent human beings, black or white, when the facts are brought home.

Stephen Graham.

Frith Street, Soho Square.

A Hardy Anecdote

WE cannot refrain from quoting an anecdote given in the *Bookman's Journal* for November 26. The 'victim,' to borrow a phrase from Shirley, is Mr. Hardy. 'A local barber, not the original of Percomb in *The Woodlanders*, while applying his scissors to my hair, seemed to consider the distinguished novelist sadly overrated. "Such a quiet little man," said he. "You'd never know it was Thomas Hardy. Such an old overcoat and such a baggy umbrella! Never read his books, and never want to. Americans seem to think a lot of him. One came in here not long ago. Says he: 'Seen Thomas Hardy?' 'Oh, yes,' says I. 'He sat in the chair you're sitting in.'

'In *this* chair?' shouts the American, no end excited. 'Yes,' I says, 'I cut Mr. Hardy's hair.' 'Did you keep the hair you cut off?' 'No,' says I. 'Well, that's a pity,' replies the Yankee, 'because I'd have bought it!'"

An Ambassador's Book

A NEW edition, forming the tenth impression, of Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. There are a number of new illustrations, and altogether the style of production is worthy of this brilliant classic, first published in the English translation thirty-one years ago.

*Captain Myles Standish**

MYLES STANDISH, the Pilgrim Fathers' military expert, declared in his will, made a few months before his death in 1656, that he was heir-apparent by lawful descent to lands in 'Ormistick, Borsconge, Wrightington, Maudsley, Newburrow, Crawston, and the Ile of Man,' and that these lands had been 'surrupuously detained' from him. This statement led a number of his American descendants in 1846 to set up a claim to the estates of the family of Standish of Duxbury, which were said by imaginative American orators to be worth anything up to half a million a year.

Mr. Porteus has studied the history of the three leading Standish families of Lancashire, and shows that the lands claimed by Myles Standish belonged at one time not to Standish of Duxbury, but to Standish of Ormskirk — the 'Ormistick' of the will. These lands, however, had for the most part been alienated before 1584, the supposed date of Myles Standish's birth. Mr. Porteus finds no trace of Myles in any Standish pedigree, but conjectures

* *Captain Myles Standish, His Lost Lands and Lancashire Connections.* By the Rev. T. C. Porteus. Manchester University Press and Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

that he came of a branch of the Standishes of Ormskirk, which had settled in the Isle of Man. Myles's own assertion that his great-grandfather was a 'second or younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish' cannot be verified, and seems on the whole improbable. Like many other people, he doubtless cherished the belief that, if he had his rights, he would be a wealthy landowner, without inquiring minutely into the basis of such a belief. Standish is by no means an uncommon name in Lancashire, and Myles may have belonged to some minor and landless branch of the family. Mr. Porteus's essay is a good piece of work, though its conclusions are mainly negative.

A Sunday in Notre Dame

AN English musician writes:

It was a day, not an hour or a service. It began with High Mass at 10 o'clock, when the Cathedral was flooded with the clear morning sunlight which Paris enjoys even in the middle of November; it was continued through the afternoon offices, sung in the gathering gloom, till at last the crowning act of worship, the great procession of the Blessed Sacrament, was visible only by the innumerable torches carried by the participants and the blaze of lights above the High Altar. Later, again, a few of us were admitted by the tower staircase to hear M. Marcel Dupré play the organ in the dark and empty Cathedral, with the privilege of asking for what we would,—for Bach, or César Franck, or the organist's own compositions, with the certainty that whatever one might ask for was there, not in a bookshelf (indeed, the peculiarity of the organ loft at Notre Dame is that there is not a sheet of music to be seen anywhere), but stored in M. Dupré's memory.

This coda to the day might have been continued far into the night; we

might, we probably should, have made him repeat the greater part of the marvelous feat which we were told he had performed lately at the Conservatoire, when, in a series of ten recitals, he played through the whole of Bach's organ works from memory. Certainly his physical endurance seemed equal to it, and the hearers' avidity threatened to demand it. But a limit was set by the third party, that party which English organists have almost forgotten in these days of hydraulic and electric power—the blowers. For the huge organ of Notre Dame is still blown, not by hand, but by feet. A squad of men still tread the bellows very much in the manner which Prætorius described as the invention of the sixteenth century. So that at last we were confronted with a labor problem which put an end to the 'one day.'

Though we had come to Paris solely with the object of hearing M. Dupré's performance, and the day had begun and ended with him in the organ loft, among its many impressions the one which stood out distinct above others was that his art must not be regarded merely as so much playing of a high order involving gifts of mental concentration and alertness with complete physical control over the complex mechanism of the instrument. Rather it is an art dependent on the particular type of church service which has fostered it. It is only when one realizes the place of the organ in the French treatment of the liturgy that one can see how the national school of organ music, so vigorously developed in the last generation or two of French composers, has come into being, and can appreciate those qualities which are in direct and striking contrast with much that we instinctively associate with church music. Strict liturgists may condemn this French treatment. We Londoners who have heard the Roman

liturgy sung in its completeness at Westminster Cathedral can understand their complaint. But when one is a unit of that large, inarticulate congregation which hears Vespers at Notre Dame, one is not there to weigh questions of liturgical propriety. That congregation, apparently so little concerned in the details of the service, yet seems quietly absorbed in assisting at a rite the meaning of which is expressed in outward acts and symbols. The organ itself is one of the symbols; it thunders down the nave from the far west end, representing the voice of the people.

No doubt that is the historical derivation of what seems so curious a custom to English minds, the custom of allowing the choir to sing only the odd verses of the Magnificat and of replacing the even ones with an organ improvisation on the melody. Originally the organ was there to support; now it has replaced the response of the congregation. The character of its music is wild, untamed, secular, the very reverse of the decorous solemnity which we associate with the Cathedral organ. For it does not peal 'to the full-voiced quire below,' but answers for the mass of humanity, with its various aspirations, its troubles, and its sins, huddled there in the nave. This psychological difference in the position of the organ and its music also explains the difference between the French ideal of organ tone and the English one. What our organ-builders call a 'Cathedral tone' is the

last thing aimed at. A battery of brilliant reed-stops, which produce almost the attack of a full orchestra, and the rhythmic throb of percussion instruments, is the chief glory of the Notre Dame organ. As the procession winds round the aisles of the Cathedral the verses of the hymn, 'Adoro Te,' are interspersed with more urgent and more clamorous interjections, till at the moment when the Host returns to the High Altar the organ voices the climax of a multitudinous devotion.

It is in such an atmosphere that the French organ school has grown up, and M. Dupré, who is regarded by his master, M. Widor, as the leader of its younger exponents, has matured his powers.

Love, An Essay in Rhythm

LIKE a great twilight bird it came,
Swooping upon us from some shadowy
region of strange air
And things half-understood, half-
formed and nameless.
In a tense instant it was there
Incredibly;
And we who had walked thoughtless
in the spring
Grew suddenly aware
Of swift wings beating round us,
Beating between us, fanning us to
flame. . . .
And only slowly, slowly did the spring
drift back
To our stirred hearts that shall know
peace no more.

Eunice Tietjens.

[Cornhill]

ON TOUR IN THE SUDAN

BY MAJOR E. KEITH-ROACH

(Late Bimbashi, Egyptian Army)

[Darfur Province, situated between the Anglo-Egyptian and French Sudans, although nominally part of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, was, after the battle of Omdurman, ruled by its own Sultan, Ali Dinar, who in 1914 — listening to German and Turkish intrigue — refused to acknowledge allegiance to the British government, and raised a 'Holy War' against the 'Enemies of the Ottoman Empire.' In 1916 operations were undertaken against him, his Slave army beaten, and he, after hiding for some months, was subsequently killed. British rule was thus reestablished, and a governor, with District Inspectors under him, appointed. The following is an account of the first tour made in the Eastern District by its Inspector.]

EARLY in the morning the camels of the party were watered at the district headquarters (Um Kedada), until each looked as though he had swallowed an eighteen-gallon beer cask.

A policeman from the escort was detailed to each camel, and made responsible for seeing that the *howiya* (pack-saddle) was put on properly, the *shawish* (sergeant) being in charge of the lot.

Every man knowing his job, one hoped for silence, but there was an absolute babel, no inhabitant of the Sudan being able to do a job quietly. Instead of *shidding* his own camel, a policeman much prefers to shout out needless instructions to another man four camels off. In addition, the domestic servants worry about the various personal odds and ends, without which they are never happy.

All are *shidded* at last, including a couple of hired animals that each carry a ten-gallon *fantass* (iron water tank) on either side of the hump, and a smaller one poised across the top, and the baggage camels are sent off.

An hour later there is a brisk '*zin*

har' from the *shawish*, and the Inspector inspects the escort and their camels.

Two of the police carry lances with the Union Jack and the Egyptian flag respectively. These flags are friendly in more ways than one, because they are homemade from white calico and old bunting. The Inspector cannot get off yet. He has still to shake hands. The native may forget everything,— an appointment — to wash — to feed his beast — even native beer,— but he never forgets to shake hands. The village *omda*, some head-men, the office staff, sundry hangers-on, and various delinquents who desire to get themselves back into favor, are all there, and eagerly press his hand with a sweaty fervor, leaving behind a remembrance both to the eye and nose.

It is over at last, and as the Inspector passes the women at the well, they stop their ceaseless toil, and holding their right arms above their heads, utter the shrill cry between the teeth that denotes joy and God-speed.

Later, the Inspector comes up with the *hamla* (baggage camels), and notices

that one of the Arabs, with a hired camel, is walking blissfully in front of his animal, while the bung is missing from one of the small *fantasses*, and all the precious drinking water has been spilled. It is pointed out to him rather forcibly, but he just smiles, and says: 'Marlaish: *Rubbona karim*' (Never mind; God is merciful).

Evenings and days are spent at villages hearing grievances, fixing up outstanding cases, and giving decisions on diverse subjects.

As one goes on day after day and sees the various villages, a well is ordered to be dug here, a warrant of sheikhship is given there, and someone else is granted leave to found a new village. At one place the cattle have been dying like flies, so the people are instructed to burn all the droppings round the wells, which are a great source of infection, and also to burn the dead animals. This latter is probably not feasible, as they generally kill the beasts at the actual point of death, and eat them. As long as the throat is cut and blood rushes out, it is immaterial to them what state of health the animal was in.

A section of the tribe that was driven away by the late Sultan's 'beneficent' rule wants to come back to its old possessions, but the land has passed under the direction of another tribe, and the old inhabitants do not want to have an alien *omda* (head-man) over them.

A *meqlis* (tribunal) is formed in the Inspector's *tukl*, the diameter of which is about seven yards. Fifty or more crowd into it, and sit on their heels.

Each sheikh in turn gives his views and opinions, emphasizing a point here with a gesture, and forcing an argument home there with a flash of the eye, or an appeal to Allah if his story is not true.

There is an old man of the Sherifi tribe who does not speak, but employs

his time making patterns with his finger-tips in the sand in front of his toes. When all have spoken to, round, near and beside the point, the Inspector nods to the old man, who begins to speak. He holds no official position, being content to let others strive for power, while he thumbs his rosary and reads the Koran, but in the Inspector's little *tukl* his voice at once gains the attention of all. He talks slowly at first, illustrating a point with a finger-mark on the sand, but as he warms to his subject, his words come quicker, and at the end of a few minutes he has said all he wants to, and his voice dies away. He has not spoken long, but his speech is worth all the others put together. As it is long past three o'clock, and the Inspector has been hard at it since nine in the morning, the *tukl* is cleared for reflection and lunch.

The result of the meeting is that a new *omodja*, or division, is decided upon. The old boundaries as far as possible will have to be re-demarcated, so that there may be no squabbles in the future, and also that a record may be kept at headquarters.

The start is made at dawn two days later.

It is a motley crowd that meets in a cold north wind. The Inspector, armed with a compass, is accompanied by his escort and standard-bearers. Everyone has turned out. Most are mounted on that forbearing beast of burden, the ass, driven, like Balaam's of old, by a staff. One or two ride horses decked out with trappings of leather and camel's hair, guided by the cruel bit the Arab loves so well because from sheer dread of being pulled up the horse carries his head in a proud arch. A few have camels, and one man is giving a 'brother' a lift, by letting him cling on behind the hump.

Only one man knows the ancient boundaries, and he is so feeble from

age that he has to be lifted on to his donkey. He is sworn on the book of Allah to show faithfully the old landmarks, then the Koran is put on his lap, and the procession starts.

The old man leads, and immediately behind him walks a man pushing the surveying wheel with cyclometer attached, so that the Inspector may register the various distances of the compass bearings, and plot them later.

The proposed new *omda* and the one from whose lands the new division is to be made dash up on their horses alongside the leader, so that they can argue and influence his judgment, but they are waved back.

From sandy hillock to old tebeldy tree, from tree to stony peak, from peak to hollow, the procession goes; then the old man is at fault, so a new point is fixed, and a bearing taken.

As the scattered line of a hundred men or so approach a small *jebel* (hill) that stands out sharply in the sunlight, there is a whoop from an Arab riding a well-made mare, and, pointing his spear, he dashes off, as a herd of Teytal — a large species of antelope — break cover. The Inspector and all those mounted on horses join him in the hunt; one beast is separated from the rest, and after a long chase the Arab gets alongside and throws his spear. Alas! he throws too low, and the weapon passes harmlessly under the animal's body.

After this half-hour's diversion the hunters, with blowing horses, return to the business of the day. The rest of the party have waited at the little *jebel*, and, as it has no name, it is christened '*Jebel El Teytal*,' and a record duly made. As they go along, the Inspector explains about the old English custom of 'Beating the Bounds,' which is listened to with interest. Some wag's suggestion that the two *omdas* shall be beaten at the next village is greeted with roars of laughter.

Noon finds one side of the boundary finished, and after a rest of a couple of hours under various trees, the party returns in dribblets.

A dance is invariably arranged to greet the Inspector on arrival at a village.

There is one dance that derives its source from negro origin.

The girls stand up in a row, and one begins to chant a song, which is repeated by the chorus; the same verse composed on the spur of the moment is repeated over and over again for perhaps half an hour, accompanied by hand-clapping.

The following is a typical song heard on tour. The reader must understand that aeroplanes were used during the military operations, and made a considerable impression, for the place where this song was sung is at least a hundred miles from where the machine had ever been.

Hamza, waladec,
Husan khabir shidee
Wala timshee wa tkhalenee
Wa el tobe kabir ghatinee
Wa babour el Tayer ma yesheelnee.

Hamza, my son,
Saddle the big horse,
Do not go and leave me,
Take the big cloth and cover me,
Then the engine-bird will not take me away.

While this is going on the young lads of the village have strolled up, and stand facing the girls. One of them plucks up courage and advances with a sheepish grin on his face to the lady of his fancy. He stands before her, and putting his hands on his hips, leaps into the air in time to the music. The girl follows suit, and when their breath is exhausted the bashful swain retires. He is followed by other brave adventurers hour after hour.

If Fatma or Miriam thinks her particular choice is a little tardy in repeating the performance, she leaves the

security of her row and goes up to him with mincing steps, and when close by shakes and wags her head from side to side. He and she then return together to the centre, moving round one another much as setting to partners in the lancers. They pause there a moment, and she returns to her place in the line with a smile and a laughing remark to her sisters, while he, looking more self-conscious than ever, returns to his mates.

In another dance the soloist's idea was to stamp with small steps through the sand, and at intervals throw her head back until at last, urged on by the shrill cries of the *harimat*, the deep growl and hand-clapping of the men, she succeeds in touching the ground with her forehead.

After this six women do a kind of folk-dance all in line, which consists mostly in wriggling their bodies and kneeling down at intervals for favor of applause.

When a dancer has executed some movement that appeals strongly to a member of the audience, he dashes into the centre of the ring, puts his left hand on her head, and loudly snaps the fingers of his right hand above his own head, or, carried away in an ecstasy of delight, draws his knife—which all men carry above the elbow on the left arm—and makes a series of passes round the girl's head, the quivering blade just missing her every time.

The whole time their dances are going on the performers dance with half-closed eyelids, fascinated by the dull booming of the drums—a big drum made from a hollow tree trunk with a skin stretched across, and two smaller ones of clay and stretched bladders—which the drummers beat in a fever-heat of enthusiasm.

In a fourth the men join hands before their 'clapping sisters,' bend double, one in front of the other, and all cackle

like fowls, the jester finishing up with a cock-crow on a high note.

Any occasion does for a dance, broiling sunshine, or silver moon—it is all the same. I have seen them start on my arrival at a village at seven in the morning, and go on all the afternoon. During the singing children run in and out; mothers pause to feed the child slung at their backs, and the chorus stops to argue about the next song, or laugh at something funny. The older the lady and the more repulsive her features, the greater the desire to dance, and show the 'young 'uns' how to do it.

Education plays no unimportant part in village life, and the *fikki* who teaches is a person of distinction. The school consists of a semicircular fence made in some corner of the village, with a raised mound of sand mixed with water and beaten hard built up in the middle of it, which is generally piled high with ashes, the remains of the fire that provides light for the lessons. There is a big pile of wood in one corner, as each pupil, when he comes in at night from his daily task of herding his father's goats, brings with him an addition to the stock.

The slates are flat pieces of wood about eighteen inches long, and a third of that across, with a handle at the top. They are prepared for use by washing and rubbing over with a mixture of powdered white stone and water. The stone is rather like bath-brick, and only found in one place in Eastern Darfur, so the owners of the place do a considerable trade in it.

Women manufacture the ink, which is a mixture of soot, gum, and water boiled over the fire. Gourds serve as ink-pots, the *fikki* using a much larger one than his disciples. The *fikki* makes all the pens that are needed from thick grass, on the same principle as a quill pen.

School begins in the evening after the boys have finished their work and eaten their evening meal of mashed millet washed down by copious draughts of native beer. The lesson lasts about a couple of hours, then the students are allowed to lie down and sleep in the school. Two hours before dawn they are wakened up, wood is heaped on the fire, and they recommence their lessons, and go on until sunrise, when their round of attending to the flocks begins again. There may be a dozen or more pupils, their ages varying between ten and eighteen.

In some villages the *fikki* is an old man, in others he may have lately been a pupil himself. When the class is ready he starts moaning out some passages of the Koran, which the students more or less indifferently write down.

When the passage is written, led by their master, the boys recite it over again in one long sing-song, without a speck of light or shade. That completes the lesson. The *fikki* takes a perfunctory glance at each pupil's work, but does not seem to mind whether it is decently written or not.

Dull pupils are not beaten much, but woe betide the boy who neglects to bring his piece of firewood. Each parent presents the *fikki* with a monthly dole of grain in payment.

The student is expected to recite the Koran by heart at the end of seven years' work, but this is at best a boast, as few of the *fikkis* can do this themselves.

The school, however, is not the *fikki's* only source of income. In fact, it is his smallest.

He writes amulets, consisting of long passages from the Koran, or else a horoscope, to be worn as a luck-charm round the neck or on the arm. These are sold at varying prices according to the fame of the writer, a well-known man making a large income. When a

child is born, a *warag* is written and hung in the *tukl* of the mother, to avert the evil eye. A man or woman is sick, and native medicines bring no relief, so the *fikki* is called in. He diagnoses the case, writes a few appropriate verses on a piece of paper, which is swallowed by the patient.

A camel is lost. The owner has perhaps searched for many days without success, so he goes to the *fikki* and pays him most extravagant sums, in some cases up to half the value of the animal, for advice. The *fikki* advises him where to go and search, but warns him that if he fails to find it, it is God's Will that he should lose it, and he — the *fikki* — has no jurisdiction over God; and the searcher goes off contented.

He also directs and leads the Faithful in prayer. It is his duty to call out in the *masid* (meeting place) that adjoins the school five times a day, that there is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet. If he has a promising pupil he may deputize this holy duty to him, but these duties are more often only carried out when there is someone of importance in the village whom they desire to impress.

Office on tour is held in many various places, and under different conditions. Sometimes it is under a tree, at other times in a *tukl*, or a lean-to, or a tent; but varied as are the places of assembly they are not so varied as the cases heard. Twenty-four that were heard one 'morning' lasted from nine to four without a break.

A temperature of well over one hundred; sixty or seventy men, with a woman or two, sitting closely round, none of whom had probably had a bath for six months; and the reader can imagine the seductive, spring-like atmosphere of the temporary court, and how much this refreshing aroma adds to drive away any annoyance or vexation that the Magistrate may feel,

especially at half-past three. However, justice is justice, and every endeavor is made to give Ibrahim the same patient hearing at a quarter to four that his brother Yusef had at nine o'clock.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

CURFEW IN IRELAND

BY THOMAS KELLY

THE clock over the jeweler's shop at the corner, with its hour-hand missing and its dial bullet-pierced, chimes the half hour. A clanging tram rattles past in a lumbering hurry on its way to the sheds. As with a sudden awakening, a pair of jarveys leave the stand hard by and scurry along, seemingly engaged in a contest for supremacy in the dual spheres of speed and whip-flicking. The spasmodic gusts of wind set the rusty shop signs swinging and creaking and drive before them the curtains of dank mist. Slowly the lingering groups in the street are melting away, the more staid folk being encouraged to speed by the jeers of raucous ragamuffins: 'Here's the armor car!' and 'The lorry is after you!'

With their backs to the wall and their rifles standing by their sides the file of policemen talk in subdued tones. Now and again one of them moves farther down the street from the corner to avoid the spluttering water-splash from a leaking pipe. Up and up creeps the solitary hand of the warning clock, each minute marking a lessening in the number of people still intent on availing of the last minute which curfew allows. Down the street marches a trio of shawl-clad factory workers, their discordant but confident voices chanting a parody whose chorus opens:

If you're I-rish,
Step into the lorry!

A mud-splashing cyclist, minus a headlight, hastens by. And one fancies there comes to the elder members of the group of R.I.C. men sheltering by the wall a feeling of wistful sadness for the old days when that law-defying cyclist would have called forth a stenographic order to stop, an authoritative demand for his light, a notebook and a piece of stumpy pencil, a sheet of fine blue foolscap for a report which would begin: 'On the night of the third instant I was on duty at twenty minutes to ten at the corner of Dunfoyle Street': a police-court summons, again on the respect-compelling blue paper, and the glory of a prosecution!

The men in black-blue, with no eyes for venial law-breakers, huddle in their great-coats. In ones and twos the people hurry home, till the street is almost deserted. The minutes of freedom are shortening, the patter of the driven mists resounds on the window panes. A Ford car rushes through the thoroughfare, bearing home the remnants of an early-disbanded bridge party. The loiterers have dwindled down to half a dozen.

'What's the time, mister?' chirps a childish treble.

'Ten to curfew,' answers the gruff voice of a coat-swathed old man.

The police are anxiously watching the clock. The solitary wayfarer turns up a side street, and with ironic promptitude the clouds cease to weep. The one-handed clock is chiming ten; the R.I.C. men are lining up for departure, when round the corner lumbers a creaking, jerking, khaki-filled lorry. There is a scuttering, jerking, rasping sequence of noises, the brakes are finally released, and the unwieldy vehicle rushes down the thoroughfare. In a few minutes another lorry arrives, then an armored car, and afterward groups of soldiers.

The streets are in total darkness, for

the lights went out with a gasp as the clock struck ten. Suddenly the blinding flash of a searchlight plays from end to end of the highway; the bearing car moves slowly along, stopping to light up with a dazzling radiance every nook and corner of the intersecting side-streets. Through the network of streets the cars and the foot parties of military move methodically; a trio of searchlights quivers over the roofs; now and again comes the voice of authority with a curt but determined 'Halt!'

A crunching lorry with an armored car in the rear scurries from street to street. The heavy, measured tread of the pickets resounds down the by-ways. Unto the keeping of khaki the city has been delivered. . . .

Down a narrow alley shuffled an unkempt and shivering figure. A tramp grown tired unto weariness of the casual ward, grown sick unto fear of the damp and draughts of the hallways of the tenements. A friend had told him that curfew offenders were not treated so badly at all. They got a free motor drive, fairish quarters for the night, and it was on record that a kindly corporal had been known to pass round a packet of woodbines, a simple private been understood to have produced his pouch in case anyone wanted a fill. There was even good reason for not doubting the accuracy of the tale which dealt with the placing of pint measures in front of thirsty men, of the filling of them with frothy liquid from the canteen.

The tramp stepped almost boldly into the street. The sharp breeze sent his right hand to his unfastened shirt

front. With a flash, the searchlight had found him, while a lorry raced along to meet him. But the light was switched away; the vehicle lumbered by without noticing him. A picket marched along an intersecting street thirty yards in front, utterly oblivious of his existence. On and on he walked, now almost brushing against the squads of soldiers, then missing by feet the speeding wheels of the lorries. But no voice out of the darkness ordered him to stop, no hand of authority gripped him by the shoulder.

He had grown tired of walking, and decided to draw the attention of the next picket. Then, from a doorway came the sharp command: 'Halt!' The flashlight blinded him for a moment, the accoutrements of the half-dozen soldiers unnerved him. The sergeant wanted to know what about it.

'Honest to God, sergeant, I would n't be out after curfew if I had a place to sleep. I tell you. . . .'

'That'll do.'

The sergeant talked aside with one of the men.

'Don't keep that bay'net so close to me, sonny,' requested the tramp. 'I was in the army meself, all through the Boer War. And look at me now. . . .'

'Here!' cut in the sergeant, 'you pop off home! Quick about it, now!'

The tramp began to explain his case. But the glistening of the raindrops on two pairs of bayonets, the flashing of the torchlight decided him. He was about to retrace his steps.

'No, the way you were going,' ordered the sergeant. 'Right on home, and be nippy about it.'

[*The Saturday Review*]

POPANILLA

BY DISRAELI

[We reprint below a delightful extract from *Popanilla*, which Disraeli published anonymously in 1828, when he was twenty-three. *Popanilla* is a happy combination of imagination, wit, and political satire, and, being a short tale, has been oddly neglected by admirers of the longer novels. In 1920 it is surprisingly up-to-date; its chaff is truer than most of the things written about Ireland.]

SHORTLY after his arrival, according to the custom of the place, Popanilla joined the public table of his hotel at dinner. He was rather surprised that, instead of knives and forks being laid for the convenience of the guests, the plates were flanked by daggers and pistols. As Popanilla now made a point of never asking a question of Skindeep, he addressed himself for information to his other neighbor, one of the civillest, most hospitable, and joyous rogues that ever set a table in a roar. On Popanilla inquiring the reason of their using these singular instruments, his neighbor, with an air of great astonishment, confessed his ignorance of any people ever using any other; and in his turn asked how they could possibly eat their dinner without. The Chevalier was puzzled, but he was now too well bred ever to pursue an inquiry.

Popanilla, being thirsty, helped himself to a goblet of water, which was at hand. It was the most delightful water that he had ever tasted. In a few minutes he found that he was a little dizzy, and, supposing this megrim to be occasioned by the heat of the room, he took another draught of water to recover himself.

As his neighbor was telling him an excellent joke a man entered the room

and shot the joker through the head. The opposite guest immediately charged his pistol with effect, and revenged the loss. A party of men, well armed, now rushed in, and a brisk conflict immediately ensued. Popanilla, who was very dizzy, was fortunately pushed under the table. When the firing and slashing had ceased, he ventured to crawl out. He found that the assailants had been beaten off, though unfortunately with the total loss of all the guests, who lay lifeless about the room. Even the prudent Skindeep, who had sought refuge in a closet, had lost his nose, which was a pity; because, although this gentleman had never been in Blunderland before, he had passed his whole life in maintaining that the accounts of the disturbances in that country were greatly exaggerated. Popanilla rang the bell, and the waiters, who were remarkably attentive, swept away the dead bodies, and brought him a roasted potato for supper.

The Chevalier soon retired to rest. He found at the side of his bed a blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a pike; and he was directed to secure the door of his chamber with a great chain and a massy iron bar. Feeling great confidence in his securities, although he was quite ignorant of the cause of alarm,

and very much exhausted with the bustle of the day, he enjoyed sounder sleep than had refreshed him for many weeks. He was awakened in the middle of the night by a loud knocking at his door. He immediately seized his blunderbuss, but, recognizing the voice of his own valet, he only took his pike. His valet told him to unbar without loss of time, for the house had been set on fire. Popanilla immediately made his escape, but found himself surrounded by the incendiaries. He gave himself up for lost, when a sudden charge of cavalry brought him off in triumph. He was convinced of the utility of light-horse.

The military had arrived with such dispatch that the fire was the least effective that had wakened the house for the whole week. It was soon extinguished, and Popanilla again retired to his bedroom, not forgetting his bar and his chain.

In the morning Popanilla was roused by his landlord, who told him that a large party was about to partake of the pleasures of the chase, and most politely inquired whether he would like to join them. Popanilla assented, and after having eaten an excellent breakfast, and received a favorable bulletin of Skindeep's wound, he mounted his horse.

The party was numerous and well-armed. Popanilla inquired of an huntsman what sport they generally followed in Blunderland. According to the custom of this country, where

they never give a direct answer, the huntsman said he did not know that there was any other sport but one. Popanilla thought him a brute, and dug his spurs into his horse.

They went off at a fine rate, and the exercise was most exhilarating. In a short time, as they were cantering along a defile, they received a sharp fire from each side, which rather reduced their numbers; but they revenged themselves for this loss when they regained the plain, where they burned two villages, slew two or three hundred head of women, and bagged children without number. On their return home to dinner they chased a small body of men over a heath for nearly two hours, which afforded good sport; but they did not succeed in running them down, as they themselves were in turn chased by another party. Altogether, the day was not deficient in interest, and Popanilla found in the evening his powers of digestion improved.

After passing his days in this manner for about a fortnight, Popanilla perfectly recovered from his dyspepsia; and Skindeep's wound having now healed, he retired with regret from this healthy climate. He took advantage of the leisure moment which was afforded during the sail to inquire the reason of the disturbed state of this interesting country. He was told that it was in consequence of the majority of the inhabitants persisting in importing their own pineapples.

DECORUM AND THE HOUSE

It is, perhaps, symptomatic of the times we live in that, during a Coalition Member's assault on Mr. Devlin in the House of Commons on Monday, a voice was heard shouting, 'Kill him!' Some accounts say that the cry came from two or three persons. That even one person could be found in the ranks of Members of Parliament capable of uttering such a sentiment is a measure of the degradation that has come over public life under the rule of Mr. Lloyd George. We doubt if ever before in the history of the English Parliament were such words heard within the walls of the House of Commons. There have been outbursts of passion, issuing sometimes in blows and sometimes in vulgar vituperation, but never until the year 1920 has the howl of the beast that is in man been heard echoing so frankly in that assembly of gentlemen. Something has undoubtedly happened to the public life of England. It is as though all the standards had perished, and the political scene had become no place for a gentleman.

During the nineteenth century, England possessed two great codes which did much to insure the decencies of public life. There was the code of the gentleman, and there was the code of the Nonconformist conscience. It was possible to be a gentleman without having a Nonconformist conscience, and it was possible to have a Nonconformist conscience without being a gentleman. But, in either case, there was a standard of manners which was also a standard of morals. Conduct was, from the point of view both of the gentleman and the Puritan, three fourths of life, and the man who could

not 'conduct himself' decently was regarded as unfit for the duties of a legislator.

The Victorians had a real sense of shame when the House of Commons took to fisticuffs. They regarded it as un-English, and were inclined to blame the Irish for having destroyed the dignity of the 'Mother of Parliaments.' They still had at the back of their minds an ideal of dignity to which English gentlemen should conform. This did not mean that they resented plain words or were horrified by malicious and venomous speech. They did not object to plainness or even venom, provided it was the plainness and venom of a gentleman. Disraeli did not spare his opponents, but he fought with the rapier and not with the mud of the streets. Mr. Balfour described the statement of an opponent as 'a frigid and calculated lie': it was a phrase of cold courtesy compared to the vulgar retort, 'It's a bloody lie,' uttered the other day by Mr. W. M. Hughes in the Australian Parliament. The difference between a gentleman and a man who is not a gentleman is not necessarily that they mean different things: it is often simply that they express them differently. It is often necessary to castigate an opponent, but one must castigate him within the rules. Up till a century or so ago, the rules permitted even a challenge to a duel. Fox's bitter denunciation of a supporter of Lord North's led to a duel in which he was wounded. Pitt had to fight George Tierney for having accused him of want of patriotism. Canning and Castlereagh fought merely because Canning had declared that Cas-

tlereagh was not fit for the post of Secretary of War.

And, even in speech, a license of abuse was permitted in those days which would have seemed intolerable to the later Victorians. It was the journalists rather than the statesmen, however, who claimed unlimited rights of vituperative speech, and it was not till the arrival of O'Connell in politics that a politician arose who in a contest of bad language was secure of triumph over any journalist on earth. The contests in vituperation between O'Connell and the *Times* form an amusing chapter in the history of political manners. The *Times* described O'Connell as 'the worst being in human form that ever disgraced the floor of an English Senate,' and sneered at him as 'the big beggarman' and 'the loquacious mendicant.' O'Connell, in retort, described the *Times* as 'the tawdry female who, with rouged cheeks and in faded silks, takes the air in the Strand by gaslight.' The *Times* replied that he was an 'unredeemed and unredeemable scoundrel.' O'Connell declared that the *Times* was 'like a misplaced milestone — it cannot by any possibility tell the truth.' The *Times* in its wrath broke into verse:

Scum condensed of Irish bog!
 Ruffian, coward, demagogue!
 Boundless liar, base detractor!
 Nurse of murders, treason's factor!
 Of Pope and priest the crouching slave,
 While thy lips of freedom rave;

— and a great deal more to the same purpose. We will not presume to decide which of the combatants carried off the honors in the prolonged duel of bad words. O'Connell, however, was a demagogue who had a genius for violent invective that it was by no means easy to cap. He was a mob-orator, not a Parliamentary statesman, by instinct, and abuse poured from him like water from Niagara. He antici-

pated and excelled what is now known as Mr. Lloyd George's Limehouse manner in his description of the House of Peers. 'They are,' he said of the Lords, 'the soaped pigs of Society, the real swinish multitude, as obstinate and as ignorant and as brutish as their prototypes.' He called Wellington 'a stunted corporal,' Sir Henry Hardinge 'a one-armed ruffian,' Brougham 'the greatest miscreant that ever breathed,' and said of Peel that his smile was 'like the glint of the plate on the lid of a coffin.' He said of Disraeli in a famous passage:

He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him, and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross.

Englishmen have good grounds for congratulating themselves on the fact that O'Connell never became Prime Minister. At the same time, O'Connell's vehemence was frequently just on the edge of laughter. His vituperation, vulgar at times though it was, was a form of humor. He could quarrel violently with a Member in the House and fell him with his furious invective, and a day later he would walk arm-in-arm with him down Whitehall. There is this also to be said: his life was a life of agitation. He was not the keeper of the dignity of Parliament; he was a man who enabled a whole people to stand upright. The British statesman has other duties. He has a tradition to preserve, a code to live up to. He is not free to throw down the standards of public life and comport himself like a baited atheist at a street corner.

It is a rather remarkable fact that the present degradation of English public life should coincide with the union in office of the two political opponents who had in pre-war days shown

the least regard for the decencies of debate. It was Mr. Bonar Law who first threatened Liberal Ministers with lynching in London. It was Mr. Lloyd George who invented the Limehouse manner. They now sit side by side on the Front Bench to carry out the decrees of yet a third defier of the old codes, Sir Edward Carson, the first man seriously to bring back the old threat of bloodshed into British politics. Now, we are not among those who regard Sir Edward Carson as a moral leper for believing in physical force. He advocated a course which must inevitably have led to the murder of policemen and soldiers by his followers if the Home Rule Bill had been passed in its original form. He may say that he was prepared to face these consequences, and, if so, he has the right to be judged by his motives, like any other rebel.

We can only respect Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Sir Edward Carson, however, if they frankly recognize the fact that they have broken down one of the greatest traditions of English life — the tradition of government by persuasion — and substituted for it a belief in the appeal to violence. None of the three is an Englishman, and the English tradition appeals to them as little as it did to O'Connell. They do things that no Englishman would do. What is worse still, they do things that no English gentleman would do. The English gentleman — the real English gentleman in contrast to the ideal — has his share of faults. We are in the present connection claiming for him no sort of superiority except that he did, according to his lights, attempt to govern England like a gentleman. He may have suffered from the egotism of class, a lack of imaginative sympathy, an insular indifference to the things that seemed to be no practical concern of

his. But he had certain standards. He liked to think of himself as a sportsman who played the game. Above all, he had an ideal of self-restraint which again and again enabled him at a crisis to behave with Roman gravity. It was this gravity of conduct that made the late Duke of Devonshire so admired a figure in English public life. The Duke had very few ideas — if any — but he had a grave common sense which was at that time so highly esteemed as an English virtue that he died in the odor of statesmanship. We do not deny that there was a great deal of humbug in the statesmanship of such men as the Duke of Devonshire. At the same time, he embodied a great tradition of behavior — a tradition that many Englishmen are only beginning to appreciate, now that it is all but gone.

Mr. Lloyd George has long thrown self-restraint to the Welsh winds, and every *arriviste* in his train feels free to make the same gesture. Never in the House of Commons, until his Premiership, had there been such a disregard of truth and the decencies of politics. The House of Commons was once the greatest instrument of its kind in the world, but Mr. Lloyd George has played on it like the leader of a jazz orchestra till all is noise and vulgarity. How far he is personally responsible for this it is difficult to say. The war may have destroyed some of the old inhibitions, and even before the war there was a gathering tide of violence that threatened to sweep away the traditions both in politics and in the arts. Mr. Lloyd George, however, preceded the war, and was a herald of the new indecorum. Since then, he has sunk beyond indecorum, and has become a master of the base appeal as well as an expert in political infidelity. Nothing binds him but the need of a momentary triumph. To-day's promise is not binding for to-morrow. Every scruple,

every ideal, every code is gone, and a stupefied House of Commons under the spell applauds him as it might a dancing dervish. His want of restraint, unfortunately, has become infectious, and now one of his weaker brethren has interrupted the political labors of the House of Commons with the shout, 'Kill him!'

Does no Coalitionist leader realize the peril to the gentlemen of England should that cry invade English politics? Sir Edward Carson taught the argument of bloodshed, and Republicans

learned the lesson. A Coalition Member shouts 'Kill him!': the word may be taken up by a striker or one of the swelling host of the unemployed. We cannot destroy the decencies of life without teaching our opponents to destroy them. If the rich do not restore reason to politics, be sure the poor will not be reasonable when they get into power. The Lloyd Georges and the Hugheses are simply training revolutionists in misbehavior and unscrupulousness. That is not the least of their crimes against civilization.

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

THE AERONAUT

BY GEORGE DOUGLAS

TALL thistles, by the hedgerow's inward face,
Are bearded now with close-pack'd silken down —
Each separate shred a scion of the race,
Instinct with life and impulse of its own.

Low breathes the wind — a single seed takes wing
Through the bright air, a silvery-flashing star,
Homeless, as one intent on voyaging
The clear blue waters fathomless afar.

Oh, happy project, ever thus to sail
Rejoicing in life's ever-changing scene,
O'er stubble, mountain-lawn, or misty vale,
Trim cottage-croft or pleasant village-green!

Nay, not long since, I gladly call to mind,
Full in a suffocating London street,
Menaced by traffic, jostled by my kind,
'Twas mine just such a dauntless waif to meet.

My spirit hail'd it, for ne'er on this sight,
Enamor'd in my childhood did I gaze,
But with the thistledown my heart took flight,
Lured by the charm of the untrodden ways.

[*The English Review*]

THE BLOW: A STORY

BY ADA LEVERSON

FROM *Who's Who*:

WILSON (*Stanley Garnet*). Born Wednesday, 1st April, 1882. Seventh son of Rev. J. Wilson, Rector of Dudbury, and of Ethel, Mrs. Wilson. Called to Bar 1907. Did not return the call. Lives for social duties in cultured leisure on his strictly private means.

Occupation: None.

Recreations: Wincing and letter-writing.

Address: Flat Y, 7 Dante Gabriel Mansions, S.W.7.

He might have called himself S. Garnet-Wilson. But he disliked display, and preferred to be just plain — no, handsome — Mr. Wilson.

One chilly Wednesday afternoon in winter, Flat Y, 'restrained,' 'subdued,' even a little congealed, contained (on a green wall) a black-and-white reproduction of 'Fear, Jealousy, and Hatred' (Rossetti), some 'quiet' furniture, a stationary bookcase (nothing revolving), and Stanley himself.

He did not *look* frightened; his large, noble, empty-looking forehead and dark wavy hair crowned 'classic' features; and he had always the same sweet and serene expression. He was tall, strong, and looked 'distinguished.' People often asked who on earth he was. But he was not vain; to be called a Greek god was no treat to him, and he was rarely photographed except in profile, with downcast eyes, standing on steps or seated, with a dark background, reading a book.

He liked books; not novels, but something that made one think. His favorite writer was E. V. Lucas. It was only when he had a temperature that he read Ethel M. Dell.

Stanley was wonderfully well. But he did not know this, and at times took care of his health by buying vague medicines, in case they might be good for him. He never took them, for fear they might be bad for him.

One unopened bottle was the only showy ornament in the flat. It was labeled, in huge white letters on blue:

METRODONAL

(Composed of Hexametrine-Flexoline, Hermaphrine Moxoline, and Crimate of Homo.)

137 TIMES MORE ACTIVE THAN MYTHIA!

(Absolutely useless; cannot injure heart, liver, or brain if taken in sufficient doses.)

Gold Medal: Franco-British Exhibition.

(Comm. Académie de Médecine, Nancy.)

Prepared by G. FARM, former Chemist to Veterinary Hospital, Nancy, France.

Stanley glanced absently at this bottle, and looked thoughtful as he got out a fountain pen and some rough-edged paper. He then put away an invitation card to a dance at Finchley Park (he hated ostentation), and began pacing the room 'like a caged lion,' though he disliked taking steps.

Until last Wednesday, this Juliet business had been the one exciting dream in that long sleep, his life. Then, like a seven years' lease, it had run out. How proud he had been in the old days — last week — of her exactions! Now he was surprised he had ever been thrilled at being 'rung up' while shaving; since he disliked an agitated toilet, and always dressed very quietly. . . .

Decorative, amiable, 'intellectual,' there was yet no great run on Stanley. A strong, silent man? Perhaps people nowadays prefer something weaker and

more loquacious! The taste of the day is flamboyant; and Stanley was not. He had a slow, meaning smile when people talked to him of things he did not understand, as if he had something up his sleeve.

Women fell in love with him, but only at first sight.

After that glance at May he saw at once that Juliet was an entanglement. Until then, she had been a romance. If it was 'whispered at the clubs' that it was 'Platonic,' Stanley had only himself to blame. He was discreet and thought to compromise a woman was 'not good taste.' No one, except Juliet supposed it to be an engagement.

Whatever it was, it had now to be dissolved. (He did n't like the phrase 'broken off'.)

Stanley was epistolary; his fluent stylograph had written many polished letters. When abroad he described the scenery, using phrases to Juliet such as '*à toi*' and '*compagnon de voyage*.' (Certain things can only be expressed in French.)

Dante Gabriel Mansions. Tel.: 6699 Kern.
Wednesday.

(1) DEAR MISS PRICE:

Circumstances over which I have no control. . . . Acquaintance ripened into friendship . . . best for the happiness of all parties. . . . You know well how I hate parting. . . .

No good.

(2) DEAR JULIET:

Frankly, my feelings have changed . . . only friendship. . . .

He sighed. Appalling! No defendant in a breach of promise case could be more obvious than the polite, refined, 'superior' letter-writer, Stanley Wilson.

Fresh start with no beginning. (Old eighteen-ninety-five school—romantic.)

(3) . . . You are one of those—too few, alas!—who are always followed by the flutes of the pagan world. . . . Too soon you will forget one who. . . .

Hopeless! He could not write when he had anything to say! Strange! He had, perhaps, never tried before.

. . . Flowers? Could he disappear in a cloud of rose leaves?

No. Not practicable.

And then—how revengeful these cold, clammy women sometimes are!

. . . Vitriol?—Hardly. She was the daughter of a clergyman. . . .

'No,' he murmured, 'only painful scenes, reproaches, and abuse. Juliet is essentially a lady.'

There was a loud, sudden noise, laughter and bounding footsteps.

He heard Eric's voice on the stairs. Blatant, cheery, but jarring, always, to Stanley.

Stanley was not intimate with anyone except Juliet, and had few men friends. He took no interest in sport, and never went to a club. He could talk—not much, but adequately—only to women. Boys, however, liked to chaff him. Captain Eric Yule was his greatest friend. Then there was young Vernon, the poet. Stanley excused this boy's practice of wearing small boot-buttons as studs and of furnishing his rooms in black-and-white check as youthful foibles; for Vernon appeared to appreciate Stanley's *intellectual* side. They often had long talks that Stanley supposed to be literary discussions. Severe, yet open-minded, and down on what he called 'the Modern School,' Stanley would say judiciously that he found Arnold Bennett 'too futuristic.' Vernon had even allowed him—once—to 'speak' at a literary meeting. He had spoken, distinctly. . . .

Stanley pitied Eric for his large possessions, his high spirits, his pink face and his yellow car.

Eric blew in usually to volunteer information in an unknown tongue, which Stanley pretended to understand.

THE BLOW

'Tinketty-most-frightfully-tonk, old tin of fruit! I crashed off early, and thought I'd caper up here.'

Eric disarranged the furniture, and threw on the floor some gray cushions, using them as a footstool.

Stanley passed the matches.

'You seem a bit fed,' said Eric jovially. 'At your books, as usual? You high-brow chaps! Have a cigarette or a bag of nuts?'

'Neither, just now, Eric.'

'I'm a bit full of myself to-day. Bucked all to pieces about something.'

Eric chuckled.

Stanley would not ask the reason of his joy. He feared Eric might tell him.

Stanley listened through a mist to words like 'binge' and 'blotto' and rattle about restaurants, for he knew poor Eric to be incapable of a feeling of reverence for anything human except one. This one thing was a head waiter. Devoid of social snobbishness, unconsciously almost an atheist, Eric became mute and crimson with pride when recognized in public by Luigi or Charles. . . .

'Really, Eric, I'm not a high-brow. I wonder sometimes what I am,' said Stanley pensively. (He thought it mattered.)

Eric could have told him, but —

'Well, why not leave it open?' suggested Eric consolingly.

'Ah!' murmured Stanley, and he seemed to fall into a reverie. . . .

Eric jumped up in his sudden way.

'Well, I must stagger forth! Buck up! So long!' . . .

His visit had 'unnerved' Stanley.

He opened the door and heard the car, after some choking snorts, yelp down the street.

In the mirror he looked pale. He would soon, surely, be a permanent invalid. . . . That was why he wanted to marry May — a fresh, spontaneous girl. . . .

But Juliet? Her 'promenade' photograph, hair parted in the middle and showing the ears, faced him. Regal, conventional, all that he admired.

Poor girl!

He had taken her best years, and was ruining her life. He was heartless. The news would break her heart.

This made him more determined.

Stanley was not cruel; but he was obstinate, and all the arguments against it that he invented made him firmer. She was an obstacle. . . .

He found a letter in the box. Juliet's writing. Mauve, shiny paper.

Another appointment, no doubt.

They had met very regularly. He would miss her.

For seven years, he had been at home to tea on the three first Wednesdays in the month, to her alone. . . . The fourth Wednesday he would take her to a play, where he fanned her and explained the plot. They dined, not at the Savoy, and not in Soho, but at 'Jules' on Sundays. Last Wednesday both had been cool and absent. He was 'run down.' She had been sweet, but hurt.

He read:

DEAR STANLEY:

I cannot help seeing that you have changed to me, and think it best for the happiness of both parties that we should become merely friends; this will be a relief to you, and you will be glad, for me, to hear it.

I should mention I am going to be married quite recently on Wednesday next to your friend, Captain Eric Yule. I asked him to tell you, but he may have found you out. It will be a very happy memory to us both, I feel sure. We are going for our wedding trip in a caravan on account of petrol.

With cordial thanks for your kind attention, believe me to remain, dear Stanley,

Your sincere friend,

JULIET PRICE.

P.S.—Am posting letters and photos. Excuse haste.

Curious! . . . Stanley felt, at first, merely a detached admiration of Juliet's

work. How hard *he* had striven! . . . And with what result?

Women were wonderful! . . . This letter was natural as Juliet herself. It suggested delicate feeling, no rough copies, and just a little agitation. It was perfect. She was going to be married, quite recently. . . . What did that mean?

. . . Then he was stunned. He had taken it in.

He was too angry to 'pace' now. He remained 'rooted to the spot.' 'What a woman!—what a woman!'—Ungrateful, treacherous! . . . He was madly jealous; he was furious. She had ruined his life. His heart was broken. She had taken the best years of his life and spoiled his future.

Never would he marry May! It would look like petty revenge, or pique. . . . Besides, he could n't stand May. As to Juliet—well! He was an Englishman. He would do the right thing.

He looked vaguely for help at the green bookcase. . . . What would E. V. Lucas do? . . . Big game?—But he could n't shoot!

There was a loud report. . . .

Stanley had thrown the bottle of 'Metrodonal' through the window.

[*The National Review*]

MODERN LAWN TENNIS

BY K. McKANE

The ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But right or left, as strikes the player, goes.

THERE is not quite the transparent simplicity which these lines imply in the game of lawn tennis to-day, but there is no doubt that it is the popular game, and that for every one who plays golf or cricket in the summer there are probably at least four who play lawn tennis. The fascination of the game is not hard to understand. It is played

in the open air, in a comparatively small space, requires only a small number of players, needs no very elaborate instruments, and provides healthy exercise in a most enjoyable and exciting way. It is not difficult to become reasonably proficient at the game, and it is a game which gives unending chances. You may be a set down to your opponent and four or five games behind in a second set and yet win your match. It can be made highly scientific or it can be enjoyed with a minimum of scientific skill. With all these advantages it has yet to win its way into the great public schools, and so long as it is practically banned there seems very little hope of this country ever being able to produce players who are good enough at an early enough age to wrest the championship from the invaders. In United States boys' and girls' clubs are as flourishing, and more so, than ordinary clubs, possessing large numbers of courts and ample scope and encouragement in tournaments and matches of every description.

The outstanding fact about this year's lawn tennis was of course the success, for the first time in the history of the Wimbledon Championships, of an American in the Open Singles. For nearly twenty years the Americans have done their utmost to win the highest honor of lawn tennis, the World's Championships on grass, and for the first time they have succeeded in the person of Mr. W. T. Tilden, whose wonderful all-round play, variety and severity of stroke, and cheerful match-winning temperament took Wimbledon by storm this year. It was his first appearance in the Centre Court, yet he reached the Challenge round with the loss of only three sets, and only lost one set then to the holder. He has since equaled Mr. H. L. Doherty's hitherto unparalleled feat of winning the American Open Cham-

pionship in the same year. Not content with this victory in the singles, America secured the Men's Doubles Championship with Messrs. Williams and Garland, the former perhaps in his day the most brilliant exponent of the game in the world and the latter the essence of first-class steadiness, with every good shot and no mistake to mar them. The Ladies' Singles once more left the country and remained in the possession of the French girl champion, who, with Miss Ryan, won the Ladies' Doubles, and with Mr. Patterson, the Australian, secured the Mixed Doubles.

This is a disastrous record as far as this country is concerned, and it is not easy to see where the remedy lies. Every year the critic looks for some rising star in the young men players who enter for tournaments, and every year he seems destined to be disappointed. It is good, therefore, to learn that next year Harrow School has decided to recognize lawn tennis as a school game and thus show the other great public schools the road which may once more lead to the establishment of English supremacy on the court. This year perhaps the most promising discovery was Mr. T. Bevan — a young soldier — who only played in tournaments late in the season, but who gave signs of developing into a very fine player. Among the ladies the critics commonly say that there are more signs of young players coming on than among the men, and Miss P. L. Howkins, Miss D. C. Shepherd, Miss Kemis Betty, and my sister, Miss M. McKane, have all been cited as promising examples of young English players. But the most regular winners of open tournaments in this country are still to be found among 'the old guard,' both in the men's and ladies' events, and it is the regularity with which the old-fashioned driving

game asserts itself that makes the critics despair.

This is, however, a little unreasonable. It is only comparatively recently that the lady volleyer has appeared on the scenes. A few years ago it would have been considered utterly ridiculous if it had been suggested that a French girl of barely twenty years should come to Wimbledon and sweep all before her in the championships at her first attempt, playing a typical man's game, serving overhead, volleying and hitting with a severity which many men might envy. The old-fashioned ladies' four, in which all the players entrenched themselves on the back line and drove at each other in rallies of interminable length has gone forever. It is recognized now that even the formation of 'one up, one back' is hopelessly out-classed by a pair who can adopt the 'both up' formation.

I have recently seen an interview which Mr. G. L. Patterson gave at Colombo on his return journey to Australia, and his estimate of Mlle. Lenglen is interesting compared with Mr. Tilden's, which will be found in the latter's new book on the game.* Last year's champion (Mr. Patterson) went so far as to say, 'Very few men of the front rank can beat her level. When I tell you that she can beat a player like Gordon Lowe, you can realize what she must be like.'

Mr. Tilden, however, writes as follows: 'Mlle. Lenglen's speed of foot is marvelous. She runs fast and easily. She delights in acrobatic jumps, many of them unnecessary, at all times during her play. She is a wonderful gallery player, and wins the popularity that her dashing style deserves. She is a brilliant court general, conducting her attack with a keen eye on both the court and the gallery.' He then goes

* *The Art of Lawn Tennis*, by William T. Tilden. Methuen & Co., 6s. net.

on to suggest that Mrs. Mallory, the American champion, might quite possibly be Mlle. Lenglen's successful challenger next year. While allowing for patriotic motives and the personal element in both these judgments, the diversity of opinions about the much discussed French champion is very noticeable. Might not the Executive Committee of the All England Club put the matter to the test in 1921 by arranging an exhibition match between Mlle. Lenglen and any first-class man whom she might herself select? Or is it possible that the problem may be settled before then by the recently reported match for a wager which is to take place between Mlle. Lenglen and her brilliant compatriot, M. Laurentz?

Mlle. Lenglen has not only got all the shots which make her game so interesting to the spectator, but she is wonderfully graceful, and is therefore more pleasing to watch than perhaps any other player. She runs as fast as a boy, she never seems to be in an awkward position for a shot, and she is desperately accurate and steady. Her overhead service is quite straightforward, but well-placed and severe, and anything in the nature of a weak return is punished unmercifully. The most striking point about her low volleying is the distance from her body that she hits the ball — especially on her back hand with an almost straight arm. Mlle. Lenglen has, of course, been playing for many years, has been very well coached by her father, and has been in training ever since she first started, with the result that wherever she goes she wins without much effort. Her game was learned entirely on the hard courts of the Riviera, and her victory last year in the championships at her first attempt on a grass court is therefore all the more wonderful, for anyone who has had to change from one surface to another knows how

difficult it is to get accustomed to the strange conditions. We had a good illustration of that at Antwerp this year. When the English team first arrived there to take part in the Olympic games on hard courts they all started very badly, finding great difficulty in controlling the ball and complaining how quickly the balls became light. Then came the rain, the courts became much heavier, and the balls bounced in much the same way as off a grass court. The whole team at once played very much better and with greater confidence.

An interesting comparison which helps to give a clue to Mlle. Lenglen's form is afforded by players of an earlier generation who have vivid recollections of Miss Lottie Dodd's achievements. Miss Dodd volleyed and had a forehand and backhand drive which was apparently little, if at all, less effective than the present lady champion's. She was probably a born athlete and far more a natural player than Mlle. Lenglen, for on giving up lawn tennis she became amateur lady golf champion and subsequently archery champion. She never devoted her whole life to the one game, in the same way as the French girl does, but well-known players who have seen both ladies play say that they do not know which would have won had a match been possible. The question of relative ability of players to-day and of an older generation is one that players are never tired of discussing. I have heard it maintained with equal certainty that Mr. H. L. Doherty at his best would have beaten anyone living to-day, that there has never been a player with such good shots as Mr. E. W. Lewis, and that no one of any generation could possibly expect with any degree of certainty to defeat Mr. Tilden. It is rather a profitless discussion, for nothing can settle the point, but as the game

progresses the standard should gradually improve, and I should be sorry to think it is true that such a magnificent exponent of the 'all court' game as Mr. Tilden could be beaten at all easily by any player of a past generation.

I do not think that I am very well qualified to give anything in the nature of advice or instruction, but everyone has their own views of how the game should be played and what is the best way to learn. It is almost a truism nowadays to say that one should learn young and should learn to volley. In the modern game volleying is one of the essentials, but it must be learned with the game as a whole. It is no good just being able to hit the ball before it has bounced or to hit it terrifically hard. Half the secret of success in volleying lies in knowing in a flash the right ball to come up on and the right spot on the opponent's court to which to direct it. Placed volleying is almost always more paying than mere hard slamming. In the 1919 championships Mr. Patterson smashed his way to victory with a terrific service and hurricane volleying, which seemed to have a terrifying effect on his opponents. But a quieter style is no less effective. If you watch Mr. Lycett, Mr. Doust, Mr. Roper Barrett, or at times Mr. Fisher, you will see the art of placed volleying at its best. The play of the American team this year enforced the valuable lesson of learning when 'to come up.' Messrs. Johnston and Tilden were quite content to stay at the back of the court until they had made their opening and could make their excursion to the net with safety.

Another stroke which has increased in importance as the game has developed, and on which some champions have built their success, is the service. A good first service is a very valuable asset and a good second service even

more so. A well-known champion of some years ago has given me his opinion that the best service for a lady is underhand. He says it takes less out of her, is more easily controlled, and that no lady's overhead service is fast enough to warrant the effort it entails. Opinions will differ about this, and personally I am in favor of an overhead service, but the placing of the service is even more important in many ways than its pace. There are many examples among the leading men players of a comparatively innocuous-looking service which is yet very difficult to return. Mr. Gore's service looks comparatively simple, Mr. Doust's even more so, but they are by no means as simple as they look. Mrs. Larcombe's underhand-cut service looks easy, but it keeps very low and it is extremely difficult to make a winning shot off it.

Most players find the forehand shot easier than the backhand, and in their anxiety to win concentrate on this shot and neglect their backhand, which consequently develops a weakness that may let them down at a critical moment. In practice games the thing to do is to concentrate on one's weakest shot and ignore the number of points gained or lost. There is no need to spend laborious hours on one shot or to neglect one's pet shot entirely. I believe Captain Wilding used to take a dozen balls on to a court and practise one shot for an hour or more by himself; but this is making rather a business of what, after all, is a recreation.

Finally, to come to the most universal and in many ways, the most enjoyable form of the game, tournament tennis: there is no better way of improving one's game than by entering for tournaments, but to this should be added a word of warning. Do not enter for a tournament week after week consistently all through the summer. This, although it is done by large numbers

of first and second class players, results in staleness and slackness, if nothing else, and is too great a strain in every way. The wisest plan is perhaps to enter for tournaments not more than two weeks running and then take a week's rest in between. Occasionally take a fortnight's rest and play only practice games, and sometimes knock off altogether for a few days and come back to the game with renewed zest. I do not, of course, suggest this as an inviolable rule — if plans work themselves out so, it may be necessary to play in tournaments for three or four

weeks running, but as far as possible arrange for adequate 'breathers.'

Perhaps I may add one last word. Do not take the game too seriously. By that I do not for a moment mean that one should encourage fooling. Take every shot seriously and concentrate on every one, but do not worry too desperately about the final result, as if the match were a matter of life and death. Lawn tennis is a game and a very fine game, and to play it as well as one can and enjoy it without regret is all that the keenest player should ask for.

[*The New Witness*]

HEUREKA

BY JOHN HERON LEPPER

As after a sleepless night
 When mists concealed the sky
 And the spirit was fain to fly
 Like a bird from behind the bar,
 One sees shine out on high,
 Oh soul-reviving sight,
 A clear and lovely star
 That makes all heaven grow bright:
 So, so to me you are,
 You treasure of delight!

NEMESIS

BY ROBERT BRIFFAULT

THE world is suffering to-day — more profoundly perhaps than at any previous period in history. It is not to mere physical misery, to hunger and pain, to the drawn faces and starving children of Central Europe, that I refer. Despite the dislocation and dilapidation of our civilized order, there is probably no epoch of the past that could not have shown a larger quantum of physical suffering than the present. Ours is a deeper suffering, a more searching sickness. It is not in any single aspect of our present world that it is manifested, but in all; the town and the street evince the signs of the same malady as the map and the mob. Our international political situation is chaos beyond the dreams of confusion; our social situation is a rumbling volcano spreading broadcast panic; our economic situation is desperate; our ethics are in dissolution, morality is non-existent, crime is epidemic; the family, 'the foundation of society,' waits in queues at the doors of the divorce court. In our very hearts is a blank lethargy that has passed beyond emotional despair; our art, our literature reflect it in their impotence, and are economically crushed by the indifference of a joyless world. Our very pleasures, our luxury, and revelry, testify in the recklessness of their attempt to drown it in excitement and noise, to the sickness that weighs upon our vitals.

It would clearly be idle to regard those manifestations as separate phenomena. The international chaos, the

social chaos, the ethical and spiritual chaos, the intellectual and artistic chaos, are aspects of one and the same disorder. To interpret it in terms of incidental, accidental, and occasional causes, the circumstances of the hour, the political and social configuration, the paltering folly of our governors, the war itself, the economic strain, is no less superficial. The crisis that is taking place before our eyes is much more fundamental; it is the resultant of the most basic laws that operate through the complexity and manifoldness of human affairs. It is not merely one of those recurrent phases of depression, of readjustment, which mark the cyclic course of human evolution, that we are witnessing; but a climacteric in the process itself, involving a profound change in the very mode of its operation. The human world is suffering to-day from the crumbling of the very foundations on which it has been built.

Broadly and fundamentally regarded — and it is the broadest and most fundamental view alone that can avail us in our present need — the situation is this: The human world in all its aspects, political, social, ethical, spiritual, æsthetic, has been built upon fictitious conventions, once held sacred, held at the worst to be expedient and convenient. *Those conventions are to-day no longer believed.* That, and no less, is the appalling gravity of the situation. The very ground upon which the world stood is cracking and sagging beneath it. For it is an abso-

lute and rudimentary law that no human action can proceed except upon a belief; not a step can a human organism take except upon confident belief in the solidity of the ground upon which he treads. Belief in the foundation upon which the edifice of the human world has been built having now passed away, it is impossible for that world to carry on.

The world is suffering to-day from the Nemesis of the age-long accumulation of its untruths. For some six thousand years it has built on untruths. That has been the inevitable consequence of the mode of its organization.

Properly speaking, it has never been 'organized' at all, that is, adjusted in view of the collective needs and desires of its constituent elements; it has been conquered, subjugated, and its powers utilized for the benefit of the conquerors. That is the only form of 'organization' that has ever obtained. In our own 'democratic' age that fact is as clearly manifest as ever. Power to-day consists in the control of wealth — that is, of production and distribution. And production and distribution do not take place in view of supplying the needs of mankind, but in view of producing dividends. Boots are not made that human beings may be shod, but that dividends may accrue; restaurants are not run to feed you, but to produce dividends; houses are not built to house you, but to produce dividends; theatres do not exist to entertain or inspire you, but to produce dividends; coal is not produced to supply warmth and motive power, but dividends; railway systems and great shipping enterprises have not for their object the distribution of food and materials, but the production of dividends.

As of production and distribution, so necessarily of every idea, of every value, of every principle upon which

the human world is founded. Human organization has been effected by Oriental priests, and the ideas of Oriental priests have become foundations of society, human organization has been effected by war-lords, and the ideas of war-lords and empire-builders have become foundations of society; human organization has been effected by slave-owners and women-owners, and the ideas of slave-owners and women-owners have become foundations of society; human organization has been effected by racial aristocracies and the ideas of racial nationalism have become foundations of society; human organization has been effected by manipulators of wealth, and the ideas of accumulators of property and profiteers have become foundations of society.

Those foundations of society, those ideas, those formulas, those values, are true only in relation to the point of view of the powers that created them. They were once not only believed but revered with awe, they were the fire and fuel of the human soul, the motive power of the human world. During ages of thought they have to prying and inquisitive thinkers lost their glamour; meddling and solitary explorers have dug round those foundations and found them to be hollow. From being universally regarded as sacred and axiomatic, they came to be regarded as expedient, useful, beneficent, convenient, indeed indispensable — for were they not 'the foundations of society?' They were not to be looked into too curiously, they were to be safeguarded 'for the use of the ignorant multitude.' Even but yesterday our academic philosophers have done yeoman's work in the service of the foundations of society by setting forth the philosophy of Pragmatism, namely, that what proves expedient and convenient, what 'works,' is thereby true.

The unrealities upon which the hu-

man world was founded were for a long time pragmatically true; they were not, indeed, believed because they 'worked,' but they 'worked' because they were believed. Priests, kings, leaders of nations, aristocracies, princes of industry and of commerce, moved mountains by means of faith. And their philosophers, from priest to pragmatist, argued plausibly that what was capable of moving mountains *ought* therefore to be believed.

But it is not on any categorical imperative that belief, the foundation of all human activity, depends. Nor is it on the expediency and desirability of its effects; faith can move mountains, but the process is not reversible, the desirability of moving mountains cannot help one jot toward supplying faith. The pragmatic desirability of your foundations of society cannot by any psychological legerdemain save them. It is of no avail to say, 'If you do not bring yourselves to believe in those expedient conventions the social fabric must fall to pieces.' Belief can be produced neither by promise nor by menace; belief depends upon the quality of its foundations. And if the world suffers to-day from the consequences of its faithlessness — and our good friends the Parsons are here, in their quaint, hieratic language, nearer to essential truth than our economists — that faithlessness is itself the consequence of the quality of the faith on which the world rested. For the faithlessness, 'materialism,' nihilism, which our friends deplore it is they themselves chiefly that we have to thank. Had our religious traditions, had all our other traditions, been of a quality to command more permanent belief, we should not at this hour be faced with a meaningless world. We are paying for the sins of our fathers; we are to-day paying the penalty of six thousand years of unveracity.

That penalty cannot be compounded. No doctoring can squeeze a foot-pound of efficient power out of disbelieved unveracities. No manipulation of old formulas, no skillful phrasing, no amount of tied-press eloquence and misrepresentation, no amount of *professed* belief shouting itself hoarse can serve as a substitute for the motive power of human action. Our religious tradition, our political tradition, our historical tradition, our social tradition, our ethical tradition, are no longer believed; and, being no longer believed, they can neither move mountains, nor can they move the smallest cog-wheel of the world's machinery by so much as a hair's breadth.

We are engaged upon the lunatic occupation of trying to run the world in terms of things and values that no longer exist as a belief in any human soul. In politics we think in terms of 'empires,' 'Great Powers,' 'frontiers,' nations, strategic reasons of state, that are echoes of a history that is *past*, a tale that is told; socially we deal in terms of a configuration that is only prevented from flying asunder by brute force; economically with wealth that only exists on paper; ethically with moral values to which no human 'conscience' any longer corresponds; intellectually with a truth that has become 'pragmatic'; artistically with the self-expression of a soul that no longer believes in itself.

Shams and unveracities have been always with us; and in ages of thought there have always been prophets, from Xenophanes to Carlyle, to rail at them and hotly denounce them; and yet the world has managed to muddle through. The shams have smiled serenely at the prophets, and carried on. Consequently, prophetic denunciation is discounted; our pragmatic operators of unveracities continue confident and undisturbed, and we doubt our very

doubts. It is here that our deficiency in broad and essential historiological sense comes in. We perceive the same qualities in social situations, and we say that 'history repeats itself'; but our sense of social situations is too superficial to estimate quantities — the sole differentiating factor in scientific estimates.

It is a question of proportion, a dynamic algebraical summation of multitudinous forces. 'You can fool some people all the time, you can fool all the people for some time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.' In other words, in a world that is very motley and multifarious, little unveracities tell little in the resultant, big unveracities tell little so long as they pass with the multitude, but when the multitudinous, essential, and fundamental foundations of the world which they are called upon to carry on have become unveracities to the multitude the breaking point is reached. And we have reached that breaking point. It is no longer our polite sentiments and conventions which well-bred people have agreed to smile at and bow to, but the very coin of our most desperate transactions, the very substance and status of our life-and-death issues and anxieties, things about which we are not at all disposed to smile, that have become shams and unveracities to people who do not trouble in the least about being well-bred.

Our so-called international political situation which has become in its farcical screaminess so indecent as to cause a twitch of apologetic embarrassment even to our governors and supreme-councillors, is but representative of all our other 'situations.' We whine that, after two years no 'settlement' or remotest glimpse of such is discernible. Settlement? How can the most atrociously real facts be affected at all, much less 'settled,' by jugglings

with irrelevant unrealities? The doings of the elderly gentlemen who edit fortnightly issues of the map, of the 'victors' who dictate imaginary terms which they know that they have not the power or, for fear of Bolshevism, the pluck to enforce, of the 'vanquished' who cut snooks at them and sign protocols, are of scarcely any consequence in the course of any actual facts or events.

The fiction that the nations of Europe are, like the domains of feral barbarian chieftains whose names they bear, substantive and independent and, consequently, conflicting, clashing entities, has long since become to every European whose mental eyes are open as meaningless as the musical comedy geography on the play-bill of the Supreme Farce. To the elderly gentlemen themselves who play at jig-saw with the map there are in Europe but two nations, Dizzy's two nations, known in the slang of the hour as Profiteers and Bolsheviks. In one way only could the Conference-made chaos be exorcised at any Conference — by speaking 'the truth for an hour.'

Far be it from me to minimize the difficulties of refraining from unveracities. It is, it has of necessity grown to be, quite the most appalling of tasks, a task calling for almost superhuman, heroic courage. The pleasant, the attractive line of least resistance of the Pragmatist is just what truth is *not*. Being the opposite of the 'foundations of society,' truth is of necessity a monstrous and shocking thing, scandalous in the grossness of its unfamiliarity, only to be faced with girded loins and hearts of treble brass. 'The truth for an hour' would mean the uttering of things almost unmentionable.

And, of course, there can be no such thing as 'the truth for an hour.' Rulers — leaders we have none — are never converted. Psychological miracles do

not happen. Our Supreme Bunglers, our Profiteers, our Northcliffe Press, our Parsons, our Professors of Virtue, will go merrily on, pouring scorn and contempt on their 'critics.' Let us frankly admit that their confidence in the viability and vitality of unveracities is justified. It is all sentimental nonsense to say that truth wins; on the contrary, the fact is that lies are *never* put down. What does actually happen is a very much more radical, catastrophic process: not the lies, but the whole social superstructure, empires, states, civilizations founded upon them go down. Dealers in unveracities are never converted or put to shame, because by the time unveracities are overtaken by the intrinsic Nemesis of the logic of the Universe the system of power that rests upon them melts out of the world of existence.

By the time feudal aristocracies are called to account before the throne of Nemesis, there is no longer any feudal system; by the time priests are called to account there is no longer any Church; by the time profiteers are called to account there are no longer any profits. Let us have no illusion on the subject: talk does not count, arguments do not count, logic does not count — directly. They count only by sharpening the pikes of the brute, barbaric forces that are the instruments of Nemesis. Nothing has ever been set right in the world by argument, by talk, by logic — alone. Argument, ideas, logic only count as the motive powers of the instruments of Nemesis.

To entertain the idea that a profiteer chaos can be mended by our rulers, that is, by profiteers and men with profiteer principles, by advising *them* what to do, is, sanely considered, the most ludicrous imbecility. Of the two alternative issues to our present situation, a decent effort toward veracity or the deluge, we need have no expectation whatever of the former. The Bolsheviks, not the Profiteers, will win, because they have the motive power, belief in their ideals, which our profiteer civilization has not.

And it is of no use fancying that the deluge will be a pleasant thing to look upon; the melting pot is not exactly an emblem of Paradise. The ghosts of profiteers will walk, 'if our loves survive,' the streets and hotels of Europe wearing their old confident smile of derision and whispering 'I told you so.'

Veracity and intellectual honesty being psychologically impossible in the quarters where it could avail, it seems of little use to allude to those virtues. But even in the melting pot there will arise an aristocracy — there always does, even in social melting pots of 'equality.' And, since an aristocracy ruling by divine right of wealth and of figmental unveracities, will never again be permanently possible, the only aristocracy of the future must be an aristocracy of poverty and of thought, of believable thought. To breed such an aristocracy is the highest task to which in this hour of Nemesis we can hopefully set our hands.

[*The Nation*]

REUNION IN WAR

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

THE windmill in his smock of white
Stared from his little crest,
Like a slow smoke was the moonlight
As I went like one possessed

Where the glebe path makes shortest
way;

The stammering wicket swung.
I passed amid the crosses gray
Where opiate yew-boughs hung.

The bleached grass shuddered into
sighs,

The dogs that knew this moon
Far up were harrying sheep, the cries
Of hunting owls went on.

And I among the dead made haste,
And over flat vault stones
Set in the path unheeding paced,
Nor thought of those chill bones.

Thus to my sweetheart's cottage I,
Who long had been away,
Turned as the traveler turns adry
To brooks to moist his clay.

Her cottage stood like a dream, so clear
And yet so dark; and now
I thought to find my more than dear
And if she'd kept her yow.

Old housedog from his barrel came
Without a voice, and knew
And licked my hand; all seemed the
same
To the moonlight and the dew.

By the white damson then I took
The tallest osier wand
And thrice upon her casement strook,
And she, so fair, so fond,

Looked out, and saw in wild delight
And tiptoed down to me,
And cried in silent joy that night
Beside the bullace tree.

O cruel time to take away,
And worse to bring agen;
Why slept not I in Flanders clay
With all the murdered men?

For I had changed, or she had changed,
Though true loves both had been,
Even while we kissed we stood es-
tranged

With the ghosts of war between.

We had not met but a moment ere
War baffled joy, and cried,
'Love's but a madness, a burned flare;
The shell's a madman's bride.'

* * * * *

The cottage stood, poor stone and
wood,

Poorer than stone stood I;
Then from her kind arms moved in a
mood
As gray as the cereclothed sky.

The roosts were stirred, each little bird
Called fearfully out for day;
The church clock with his dead voice
whirled
As if he bade me stay

To trace with madman's fingers all
The letters on the stones
Where thick beneath the twitch roots
crawl
In dead men's envied bones.

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

AN OLD SONG

BY J. F. G.

COULD Youth but have the knowledge,
Could Age but have the power!
Could Luck but bring the leader
When Fate has struck the hour!
If strong men joined the battle,
The swiftest ran the race,
This hour could crown the champion
With Fame's unfading bays.

Youth wastes its strength in folly;
Age scorns what others bind;
The helm that needs a Tiphys
Pays service to the blind.
While flabby heroes battle,
And weak-kneed athletes run,
The helpless host scans vainly
The tent of Peleus' son.



The Atlantic

Book Bulletin

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